

18TH ANNUAL WIFE-WATCHING ISSUE!

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

THE WEDDING SWINGERS

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LESBO HOOKUP

SLOPPY SECONDS

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VARIATIONS
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LETTERS

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Welcome to *Penthouse Letters* 18th Annual Wife-Watching Issue! While the stories are all new, the message remains the same: You can't get enough of wicked wives—and the men who love to share their loves. Fortunately, *Letters* readers generously confess every racy detail of their alluring experiences, and you'll find some of their hottest stories on these pages.

In addition to our readers' ribald tales, expert storyteller Sommer Marsden has crafted a captivating piece of erotica for your enjoyment. "Good Samaritans" features a cunning woman and her admiring husband who come to the aid of their hen-pecked neighbor, offering him the adventure of a lifetime.

For those of you looking for some extra spousal spice, turn to page 113 for *Penthouse Variations'* kink-laden take on the wife-sharing phenomenon. Bondage, spanking and exhibitionism elevate extramarital adventures to an exciting new level.

Do you have a woman who likes to roam? Or are you a wife who's still sowing some wild oats? Email us at letters@penthouse.com and share your sexy secrets!

—The Editors

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LETTERS

TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

WEDDING SWINGERS

When I was invited to an old college friend's wedding in Spain, my wife was less than thrilled. Unlike most women I know, Jess hates weddings. She hates having to get dressed up, to put on makeup and do her hair, and she really hates socializing with crowds of strangers. But I didn't want to miss my old friend's big day, and so I lured Jess to Spain with promises of a much-deserved vacation afterward.

She still wasn't very excited, but she dutifully bought a new dress for the event and packed her bags with all the necessary "girly" accessories she hated so that I could show her off at the wedding. By the time we got to Spain, she'd even warmed up to the idea of having to go to the wedding, joking that maybe I'd get lucky and a bridesmaid would take me to bed that night. That was how we'd met—she was the maid of honor in her sister's wedding and I was one of the groom's fraternity brothers. After the best man got too sloshed to so much as stand up straight, I'd swooped in and asked Jess to dance with me instead. The rest, as they say, is history. But aside from that wedding, and our own, Jess had never enjoyed herself at any other matrimonial celebration. Still, I hoped that she'd at least muddle through this one without hating it too much.

The ceremony itself was nice, but not exactly a rollicking good time, and as we headed to the reception site, I could tell Jess was already plotting her escape. I wanted her to last at least through dinner before she made a break for it, so I decided we should play one of our favorite games while we mingled with the other guests.

See, Jess and I are swingers, and every now and then, when we're out, we'll scope out other couples or single women and select who we'd like to take

to bed with us. I figured getting Jess to look at the other wedding guests as potential partners would make her enjoy herself a little more, so I asked her if she saw anyone who struck her fancy.

For a while, we checked out couples, and there were a few that Jess found attractive, but none really made her stop dead in her tracks. For some couples she liked the husband, and others the wife, but not both of them, ever. Which meant swapping—for real or as a fantasy—was out of the question. After a while, I suggested she turn her attention to the single guests. It upped the chances

**"SHE SUCKED ONE
OF MY WIFE'S
PALE PINK
NIPPLES, MAKING
JESS MOAN
EXCITEDLY."**

that she'd find someone she liked. I love sharing Jess. I began hoping she'd find an appealing partner and make a play. I get a huge thrill knowing that my wife is giving someone else all the pleasure I get to enjoy from her. In fact, I like seeing or hearing about Jess's exploits more than I enjoy getting involved in my own.

Once Jess had turned her attention to the singles at the reception, I thought it would be only a matter of moments before she found someone. But the wedding was huge—more than 300 guests—and Jess was definitely being picky. Still, the game kept her entertained long enough to get through the cocktail hour and into the main room for dinner. And that's when she saw her mark.

As the wedding party filed into the hall,

Jess grabbed my hand and surreptitiously indicated the woman who had finally caught her eye. The third bridesmaid who entered the room had Jess practically drooling, and I had to agree that the woman was quite striking. She was tall, like Jess, and had beautiful caramel skin and lustrous jet-black hair. She had a full, soft-looking body, with wide hips and a nice round ass. She was the opposite of my pale, slender wife, but she was absolutely Jess's type.

I knew immediately that Jess was going to stick it out for the rest of the night—and that she was going to make that bridesmaid hers.

For a while we had to sit through all the rote wedding activities: the first dance, the parents, the speeches, the meal. But once the plates were cleared and the DJ turned up the music, Jess grabbed me and dragged me onto the dance floor, making sure she got as close to her bridesmaid as possible. Soon enough, I was left to my own devices while Jess got down with the other woman—whose name we now knew was Karina.

I went back to our table and had another glass of wine while I watched Jess and Karina groove. They were dancing extremely close, grinding on each other, and it was the hottest thing I'd seen in quite a while. And it made me want to see them together even more—preferably with a lot less silk and taffeta in the way.

I figured I had a while before the two of them got up to anything more salacious, so I headed over to another table to catch up with some old friends, leaving Jess and her new dance partner alone. But apparently I'd misjudged how horny my wife was—and how attracted Karina was to her.

The DJ announced that cake was about to be cut and we should all return to our tables, so I headed back to my seat, hoping to hear from Jess how her flirtation was progressing. Instead, she told me that as soon as the cake was

served, I should go up to the bridal suite on the second floor and take a seat behind the privacy screen that had been set up in the corner. She promised that she and Karina would join me shortly.

I devoured my slice of cake as soon as it was handed to me and then raced up to the second floor. From behind the privacy screen in the bridal suite I could easily see the large day bed across the room, and I positioned a small stool right by the seam in the screen so I could watch my wife without being spotted by her partner.

I'd just gotten comfortable and unzipped my pants, knowing I'd want to jack off, when the two women stumbled into the room, already kissing and pawing at each other.

They slammed the door behind them as they entered, and Karina quickly locked it, ensuring they'd have some privacy. Then they tripped across the room to the bed and collapsed onto it, kissing and groping each other frantically. They were both so excited, their breathing heavy and their bodies moving together desperately, that they didn't bother undressing each other—getting naked would have taken too long and it was clear they were in too much of a hurry.

Karina pulled down the top of Jess's strapless dress and kissed down her neck and chest until she could pull a nipple between her lips. She sucked one of my wife's pale pink nipples, making Jess moan excitedly, and then bit down on it lightly before switching to the other breast. As her head moved, I saw the trail of lipstick marks she'd left on Jess's skin, and the burgundy lip prints were as sexy as hell against my wife's porcelain flesh.

Karina seemed to be enjoying my wife's small, perky tits as much as I always do, and as I watched her move back and forth between Jess's breasts, I started to rub myself through my pants. I was already incredibly hard, and I knew I wouldn't last very long, but I hoped I



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▷ TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE

wouldn't come until I'd seen at least a little more action.

Fortunately, I didn't have to wait long. Jess always gets super-hot when she has her nipples sucked, and this time was no different. She was getting incredibly aroused, and Karina knew just how to help her get off. The bridesmaid pushed up the hem of my wife's short dress and slipped her hand underneath. I couldn't see what she was doing, but from Jess's reaction, it was easy to guess.

Karina really knew what she was doing, and as she fingered my wife, Jess panted and moaned loudly, her body twisting and contorting under the other woman as she fought to increase the sensations she was experiencing.

The more my wife moaned and shook, the more excited I got, and I pushed my hand into my boxers to better stimulate myself. I knew Jess was going to come soon, and I wanted to come with her.

A minute or so later, I saw my wife throw her head back and release a strangled cry as she climaxed. I stroked

myself faster as she came, and after only a few moments, an orgasm rocketed through me, too. I shot off into my handkerchief, trying hard to keep quiet.

But the women weren't done yet. Now that Jess had gotten what she most wanted—an orgasm—she was ready to focus her attention on Karina's pleasure.

Jess loves eating pussy, and as soon as Karina had removed her fingers from Jess, my wife flipped their bodies around and pushed the other woman's full skirt up. Karina helped her, gathering the layers of silk and taffeta in her arms, and then Jess pulled down Karina's panties. With Karina's undies off, Jess pulled the woman to the edge of the day bed, angling her so I could see Karina's full bush and plump pussy lips. Then, after a quick glance in my direction, Jess dove in excitedly.

Watching Jess appreciate another woman is one of my favorite things, and I knew she was especially going to enjoy Karina. She spread the woman's thighs, and then gently used her fingertips to

open her up before planting her mouth against Karina's slit and thrusting her tongue inside.

I watched my wife's head move between Karina's thighs, and then moved my gaze upward to Karina's face. Her eyes were closed, and she was biting her lip as she clutched the skirt of her dress at her breasts. I could tell from the way she was tossing and turning her head and how firmly her teeth appeared to be clenching her lip that she was highly aroused. Even though I'd already come, I felt myself getting hard again, and I started jerking my dick once more.

I was so turned on watching my wife with her new friend that I could barely hear anything other than the blood pounding in my ears. But somehow, over the sound of my out-of-control heart, I heard Jess noisily lapping at the other woman's pussy and sighing happily as she did so. That spurred me on, and I stroked myself faster. I was already pretty worked up from the show my wife was giving me, and I came in record time.

As I shot my load, I never took my eyes off the women on the bed, and my attention was on them when Karina surrendered to her pleasure. She cried out loudly and grasped my wife's head between her thick thighs. Jess never let up as the other woman climaxed, and she didn't pull back until Karina had come down from her orgasmic high.

In all, they'd been together maybe 15 minutes, but already it was probable that at least Karina's absence had been noticed. After sharing one more sloppy kiss, they straightened their dresses, touched up their makeup, and headed back to the party.

I waited another minute before I ducked out of the bridal suite, taking the time to clean myself up before I rejoined the party downstairs.

When I got back into the ballroom, Jess was already at our table, sipping from a glass of champagne while Karina danced with her fellow bridesmaids. No



one appeared to have noticed anything amiss, and the rest of the night went by as you'd expect.

I'm pretty sure, though, that Jess won't turn down a wedding invitation ever again.

—K.G., Boulder, Colorado

■ CLOSET CASE

When I married Marge, I had no illusions. I am more than twice her age. She married me for the lifestyle I could give her, and I married her because she's a first-class beauty. But we do have an exciting sex life together. It's just not what everyone might call their cup of tea.

On certain nights, usually once a week, Marge gets dressed to the nines and goes out clubbing. I sit at home and watch some TV, read a good book. Sooner or later I will get a text that tells me to get ready. I walk into our bedroom, where there is a large walk-in closet. Inside is a nice comfy chair that reclines slightly. I sit down, wearing only a robe, which is unsashed to allow me full access to my cock. The door has a mirror on it, which looks to the world like a run-of-the-mill floor-length mirror. But in reality is a two-way mirror, which allows me a complete view of the bed. Marge brings home her conquests and has wild sex with them while I watch.

I feel compelled to write this letter because last night was the best yet. Marge, with her looks, can get into any club. She was going to some opening night party and was wearing a slinky black dress which was cut almost down to her navel and backless, as well. Her hair is blonde, and she wore it in a bun, and when she moves she is as sleek as a panther. Before heading out on her hunt, she kissed me, and I set about reading the latest best-selling thriller.

At around midnight my phone's text



“SHE FELL TO HER KNEES AND INHALED HIS MANHOOD.”

chime awoke me, as I had dozed off. It read: “I’ve got a live one. Be there in ten.” I quickly got myself ready, grabbing a bottle of lube and positioning myself in my pleasure den. My cock was already hard when I heard my wife and her lover at the front door.

Marge has to do some manipulation when she gets guys back to our place. She has to insist they do it in the bedroom, and on the bed. Some guys want to do it in the shower or are unwilling to get past the living room sofa, but my loving wife knows that I enjoy this as much as she does, so she coaxes and cajoles her lovers into giving us what we need. As part of her seduction, she also tells them that she likes it with the lights on—also a must for our extra-marital peep show.

I heard them talking downstairs. I waited patiently—she usually offers them a drink—and I bided my time. Eventually, I

heard them coming up the stairs. Marge entered first, flipping on the light. Behind her came a stunningly gorgeous man. He had long hair and seemed to be quite built. As I didn’t—and still don’t—know his name, I dubbed him Adonis.

“Are you sure your husband is away?” he asked Marge.

“Positive. I talked him to earlier. He’s in Hong Kong, so unless they’ve invented a teleporter, he won’t be here tonight.”

That made Adonis smile, and he moved closer to her to snuggle her neck. She gave me a wink and then got down to business, sitting on the bed, crossing her impossibly long legs, and telling Adonis to take off his clothes.

He did as he was told, and when he removed his shirt I could see that Adonis was the right moniker, as he had six-pack abs. Marge licked his lips slightly. Adonis then pulled off his pants, then shucked off his boxers. His cock was huge and uncut. Marge didn’t waste any time. She made sure that he was positioned correctly, and then fell to her knees and inhaled his manhood.

Adonis leaned his head back and let out a sigh. He put his hands on her head while she sucked him, but she batted his hand away. He didn’t know that that was for my benefit, because I wanted to see his length slide in and out her ruby-red lips. She toyed with his balls and his knees started quaking. I think he was ready to collapse in a heap.

Marge stood and slipped out of her dress. She wasn’t wearing any

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underwear—she never does on these expeditions—and stood before him like a golden goddess. Adonis was so stunned he didn't know quite what to do, probably a first for him. She wrapped her arms around him and gave him a soul-searching kiss while pumping his erection, which was upright between their bodies.

Then Marge shoved him onto the bed, again so I had the optimum view. She resumed fellatio, but swung her legs around into a 69 position. She's an expert at doing this; I had a three-quarter view, with her pussy and ass pointing in my direction, slightly obliquely, so that I could still see her working her mouth on his knob.

Adonis proved to be an adept cunt-licker, as Marge bucked and moaned, rubbing her wet pussy over his chin, mouth and nose. I could see the telltale signs of her impending orgasm; her thighs started quivering and her toes were curled. When she climaxed, I had to slow down my own stroking; I didn't want to come too soon.

Marge recovered from her orgasm by

continually sucking Adonis's big cock. He insisted that he fuck her, and she was fine with that. Again, she knows how to put on a show. There are a couple of views that I especially like. One of them is cowgirl, both standard and reverse. She started with standard, riding his cock, her ass rising and falling. I had an unobstructed view, and it seemed like his mammoth erection was going to split her in two.

After a while she swung around into a reverse cowgirl. This is a great position

**"I COULD READ
HER LIPS, 'HE'S
FUCKING ME
SOOOOO GOOD.'"**

for us, because she can look right at me, and because his head is blocked, she can even blow me kisses or mouth words to me. On this occasion I could read her lips, "He's fucking me sooooo good." Again I had to take my hands off my cock, as blowing my load was imminent.

Eventually Adonis, he-man that he was, wanted to take my wife the old-fashioned way. This was fine with both of us. He put her on her back, but she was lying on the bed so her pussy was straight in my eyeline. She threw her legs apart, and he climbed aboard. She wrapped those gams around his waist, and he pumped vigorously, his heavy balls slapping against her cunt. I leaned forward, watching intently, and wished I could videotape it, but we decided that was pushing the ethics of such situations.

After a few minutes of action, Adonis gave a shout and filled my wife with his jism. Spent, he collapsed beside her. My wife pulled her legs up so her knees were against her chest, keeping her creamy treat inside her recently plowed snatch. She told Adonis he could use the shower but then he had to go. Sometimes the men want to stay for another round, but Marge knows that I can't bear much more excitement.

Reluctantly, Adonis took his shower, looking glum when Marge announced she would take hers later. I've learned that Marge is such a beauty that men acquiesce to her wishes, no matter how odd. No one has ever guessed that she keeps a happy voyeur in the closet.

He dressed quickly, gave her a kiss, and then left, finding his own way out. She was still naked, and when I heard his car start, I threw open the closet door and joined my wife on the bed. She had kept her legs elevated and closed because my idea of dessert is to eat another man's come out of her well-fucked pussy.

Marge opened her legs and ran her fingers through my hair as I began to eat her, sucking the semen out of her hot



tunnel. I have no interest in sucking a man's dick, but I get off on eating another man's load out of my wife.

Adonis's ejaculate trickled out of my wife, and I consumed every drop. This also gave Marge another orgasm, and her quivering thighs were just too much for me. I returned to my chair in the closet, and Marge hungrily eyed my cock and crawled toward me. She took my dick in her hands and stroked it. It didn't take many pumps to make me pop, and when I did I went off like Old Faithful. She oohed and aahed while I came, and after I was done she licked me completely clean, making a big show of slurping my pearly-white liquid off her fingers.

The last thing we do on nights like this is take a shower together. I usually get another erection and she soaps my cock and gets me off again. You may wonder why I don't prefer to fuck her and get a blowjob, but there's something so tender about the handjobs she gives me that I'm quite all right with it, and that night was no different.

Clean and satisfied, we got to bed, lying naked together like spoons. She will never see Adonis again. Next weekend it will be another stud. And I will have a front-row seat.

—W.D., Los Angeles, California

■ FLESH & PAINT

It's a primal, organic, fantastically *sexual* form of art," I told the dark-haired man looking up at the big colorful canvas.

The gallery was crowded with paintings and patrons, with several artists showing their works tonight. But whenever anyone stopped and stared like this at Yvette's canvases, I knew they were enthralled.

As they should be. Yvette's work was amazing. She used big canvases and a lot of vibrant color. Her work seemed abstract at first, great smears and

blobs of paint, but closer examination revealed the human outlines. Here was half a handprint, there the profile of a face. Other anatomical suggestions lay across the canvas, awaiting discovery by discerning eyes.

"Those are..." The dark-haired man's eyes narrowed at a corner of the canvas. He was young, good-looking, with an intelligent face. "Breasts?"

You could see the full twin shapes, in red. "They're her breasts," I explained. "Yvette, the artist. She daubs herself in non-toxic paint and rolls around naked on naked on the canvas to create her art."

His eyes bugged. I knew he was trying to put the enticing hints of her body in the painting into a whole form.

"But wait," he said, pointing. "That's—excuse me—but that's a cock." The erect phallic outline was unmistakable. He was truly seeing her work, the complete depth of it.

"Well...she's not alone when she's rolling around naked."

The idea seemed to seize him. His eyes raced anew over the large painting, picking out the bodily details, his imagination flushing his face with erotic fever.

I waited a moment, and then asked quietly, "Would you like to meet her?"

He turned, sudden excitement giving way to suspicion. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Joel. Yvette's husband."

He looked apologetic. "Oh. My name's Declan. Look, I can't afford to buy this painting, though I'd love to. I can't afford anything in this gallery, actually. I'm...just looking." He turned away, embarrassed.

"I'm not trying to hustle you," I said.

"Here. Take this card. It's her studio. Come by tomorrow afternoon, if you're interested. She appreciates people who appreciate her talent, even if they don't purchase her paintings. I know she'd like to meet you. Maybe you could help her create a new work of art..."

I let the invitation hang in the air. He appeared a bit stunned by my words, but I saw the excitement rushing back. His eyes returned to the canvas, to the intricate and riotous expression of sexuality it depicted. I knew I had him hooked.

That night I told Yvette about Declan, and the next day she awaited his arrival. My wife is a stunningly beautiful woman, with her icy-blond hair buzzed down to a spiky radiant fuzz. Her looks are classical, like something out of a master portrait. Her body is limber and supple. I love her with every iota of my being.

But I, too, was desperately hoping Declan would show up.

At about three the buzzer sounded, and I ran to answer it. Yvette was preparing a canvas and paints in her huge work space. We lived in a converted warehouse. I pulled open the metal door, and there stood Declan, looking nervous.

"Come in." I pulled him inside and walked him through to the edge of Yvette's work area.

She'd been mixing paints for hours, getting the shades she wanted. She wore shorts and a halter top, and already her limbs were splashed here and there with color. She was an intensive artist, going deep into her works, giving everything she had of herself.

Declan was gazing at her, knowing



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this was the woman who had created the painting he had so admired. But I saw more than artistic interest on his handsome features. Desire lit his eyes.

I whispered, "Go to her. She's waiting for you."

Still nervous, he went forward. Yvette looked up, and they measured each other a silent moment. The broad canvas was stretched out on the floor, under a big skylight. I stayed back in the shadows, anticipating. Yvette's art was vastly important to me. I had started out as her model, then become her manager, and finally her husband.

They spoke in low voices. Yvette gestured, explaining how she worked. Declan looked fascinated. Then Yvette made her proposal, as I'd known she would. I could see that it astonished him.

Instead of trying to further persuade him with words, Yvette peeled off her top and stepped out of her shorts. Her taut body glowed in the daylight streaming from above. She was gorgeous, tits high and firm, thighs and ass tight. She reached for her paints, set into various bowls around the big canvas's edges.

As she daubed various parts of herself with different pigments, my cock grew in my pants, my body twanging with rising excitement. I, of course, had been one of the first models who participated in her erotic artistic undertakings. But she

needed fresh bodies to keep the work alive. I didn't begrudge her these other lovers. Watching her at work was always a special thrill for me.

Yvette was smearing a pale blue over her breasts, squeezing those delectable mounds, stiffening her nipples. It was finally too much for Declan. He stripped hurriedly out of his clothes. His hard cock sprang out before him. Yvette grinned down at it.

She set about decorating his limbs and body with disparate shades of color. He shivered at the contact of her hands. She touched his arms, his thighs. She moved around behind him and coated his back and cupped his ass. She painted his chest, his firm abs.

I shuddered in sympathy when Yvette, a devilish look on her face, dipped her hand in organic red paint and took hold of Declan's rampant cock. The dark-haired man was jolted by the contact, letting out a cry that echoed off the concrete walls.

The two were ready now to create a work of carnal art.

She drew him down onto the thick white canvas. Their mouths came together in a searching kiss. I saw the flash of tongues. Declan evidently had completely forgotten about me, which was just how it should be.

They squirmed together, and I noted

the first impressions of paint marking the canvas. Distinct colors appeared. They would smear together over time, I knew, creating new combinations and variations.

Yvette's shapely ass left two green circles on the white background. Declan knees marked the canvas with yellow. He reared up over Yvette, touching her breasts, boldly now. I knew the oily feel of the paint on one's flesh. It was like a constant caress, exciting fresh pleasures with every flex of muscle, every point of contact with the other person's body.

My wife must have explained that the paint was completely safe, edible even. Declan lowered his head and sucked on her tits. His tongue flicked her hard nipples. She reached under him and cradled his balls, squeezing softly, paint oozing out between her fingers.

My cock throbbed. Still back in the shadows, I undid my fly and took myself in hand. The painted pair was moving around again, leaving random yet somehow graceful stripes and blotches of color. I couldn't explain the process. If a single person flopped around alone, the effect just wasn't the same. The paint somehow captured the sexual thrill of the event.

Declan was obviously feeling that thrill. He lay down on his stomach between Yvette's spread legs. Already his face was smeared with a mixture of pigments. My wife's gleaming shaved pussy was before him. He licked her wet fissure. Her body bucked, her scrabbling hands leaving marks on either side of her.

He drilled her with his tongue as I pumped my cock in my fist. It was such a beautiful sight. She reached down and wound her fingers into his dark hair, marking him with rainbow shades. She pulled his face hard against herself, lifting her hips. I watched her climax travel up her luscious body. She cried out, creating another echo, this one making my balls hum.

She pushed Declan onto his back. By now they'd made an initial pass over

**“HIS CREAM HIT
MY WIFE’S FACE
AND BREASTS.
DROPLETS
LANDED IN HER
OPEN MOUTH.”**

about half the big canvas. The colors were dynamic, the art critic in me noted. But I was too caught up in the beauty of the creation to be impartial. Yvette seized hold of Declan’s cock again, this time bending over and dropping her mouth unceremoniously down his shaft, swallowing him right down to his base.

I sympathized with the look of twisted ecstasy on his face. I knew Yvette’s cock-sucking skills. I jerked my meat in time to her rising and falling mouth. Declan’s body writhed, spreading more color, leaving more prints and impressions for later viewers to decode.

With a sudden hoarse yell, Yvette leapt up, planted her feet, and lowered herself onto Declan’s cock. Her face was blurred with lust. I knew she didn’t have art technique in mind during this process. It was why her work was so vital, so alive. Everything about it was true.

She rode him fiercely, tits bouncing, face smeared with paint, lips shiny with spit. Declan thrust up into her, gripping her slim hips. Random flecks of color sprayed left and right as she turned her head from side to side and flung out her arms. It was a second climax tearing through her lovely paint-coated body. Her spiky blonde hair was streaked with blue and purple and bright green. Her mouth, wide and crying, was red with the paint from Declan’s cock.

He gaped up at her as she froze in



mid-motion. She grinned down at him. I understood that this wasn’t over. Already they had made a fabulous, powerful mix of color on the canvas, full of intriguing shapes and beguiling outlines. But the great work needed a few final brushstrokes to make it complete.

She sat back on her knees. “Get up!” she told him. “Stand up and spray me with your come! Shoot it everywhere!”

He hopped up, legs trembling under him. His pussy-slick cock twitched. It seemed he barely had to touch himself. One stroke, two, and then abruptly his load erupted. His cream hit my wife’s face and breasts. Droplets landed in her open mouth. They splattered her hair. Jets streamed past her entirely and landed on the canvas. He shot for distance and covered an amazing area.

As he staggered back with an astounded look, Yvette flung herself onto the field of the canvas. She writhed; she wriggled. She rolled about in the

places where his spunk had hit. She mixed colors together in a mad frenzy, limbs moving, body thrashing. Her tits squelched in the paint. She jammed her pussy against a remaining patch of white, adding her organic contribution to Declan’s.

Back out of sight, away from the skylight which gave radiance to this art, I shot my own load, pearly jets landing unnoticed, the pleasure nonetheless deeply satisfying. Yvette’s first works carried my imprints as well as hers. Now I had the privilege of watching her create more and more of these erotic masterpieces.

–J.E., Miami, Florida

If you’ve shared your wife, or have had one shared with you, why not share with us? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department TH, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

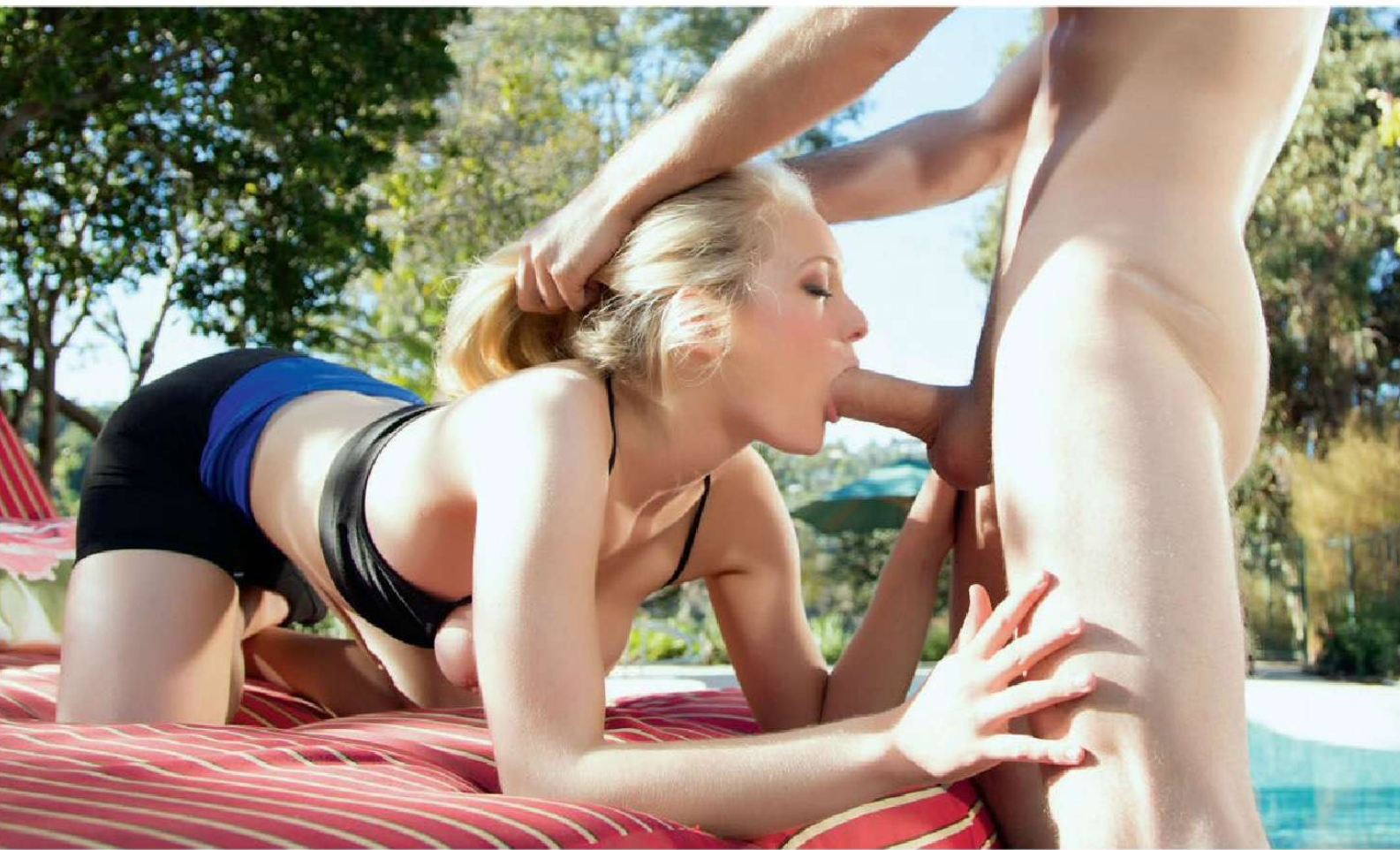


WANTON WIFE

WHEN HER HUBBY'S AWAY, THIS SEXY SPOUSE
WILL STRAY EVERY CHANCE SHE GETS.













“A WORKOUT BY THE POOL IS THE
BEST WAY TO UNWIND!”

—ALLI







CAM-GIRL WIFE

The firm where I worked had at last promoted me to a prestigious position, with a corresponding bump in salary. Edie and I moved into a townhouse and found ourselves living upper-middle-class lives. It was a heady experience that changed how I thought of us. My wife was working at a boutique, making minimum wage. When I said we could get along fine without her income, Edie spun on me.

"Don't get full of yourself, Warren! You were a busboy when we met in college. I loved you then, and I love you still. But if I quit my job, what do you expect me to do? Host dinner parties? I think it would be more fun if I found a hot young stud to screw around with."

She grinned as she said it, but it became her go-to warning whenever she thought I was "putting on airs." We lived in comfort now, luxury even. I couldn't help but like our higher social status and the trappings that came with it.

But when I said we needed a maid, Edie couldn't believe it.

"What, you want our home to look like a museum? Who cares if the dishes pile up or the house is a little messy? Jesus, our first apartment together was a one-bedroom rattrap, and we were happy there."

I wouldn't relent, though. Sometimes colleagues from the firm dropped in, and I wanted everything perfect. It was all part of the refined image I felt we needed to maintain.

Edie threw up her hands. "Fine. But I pick the maid."

So, who did she hire? Justin. A male housekeeper.

I tried to be cool about it. Justin was an experienced professional, with good manners. He was also limber and toned, with a model's features. Edie wasted no time in teasing me about him. Whenever I got too pompous, she hinted that she might drag Justin to bed some afternoon while I was at the office.

That made me decide to install security cameras. Home safety, I claimed. Now I could monitor our house inside and out when I wasn't there. On one level the expensive system was a status symbol, like my luxury car. But Edie was also

starting to make me jealous. I didn't want her to fuck some other man.

Or did I?

Some part of me felt a strange excitement whenever she threatened to do screw Justin. Sometimes, I even talked snobbish just to make her say it.

"I'm going to ride Justin's cock until I come like a banshee," she taunted me one night when I was acting like a blueblood. "Do you want that, Warren? Do you?" But she was looking closely at me, like she was really wondering.

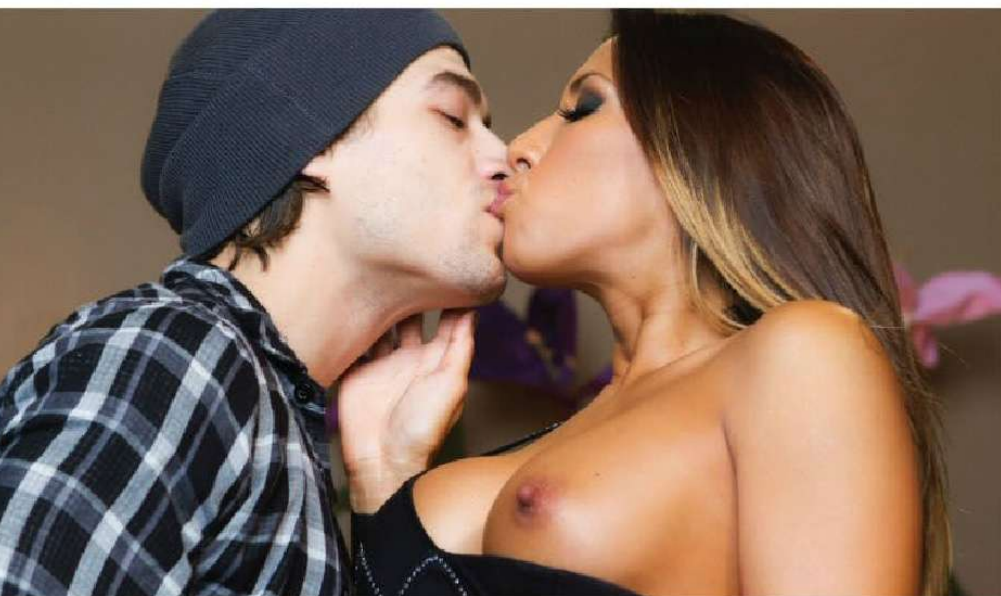
One afternoon I had an important conference call at the office that had required several days of preparations. It was an overseas consultation with another prestigious firm. I had told Edie about it, making myself sound very important.

Two minutes before the one o'clock call went through, Edie messaged me. She told me to check the security system at home. No alerts had come, so no one had broken in. Justin was scheduled to be working while Edie was supposed to be at the boutique.

I almost ignored the message, but instead used my tablet to bring up the images from the wall-mounted cameras inside our house. My eyes went wide and my cock surged just as the business call commenced. It was on speaker, and I had all the data I needed spread on my desk before me. But my eyes stayed riveted on the images coming from inside my home.

Edie was there. She was also naked. Justin was in the deluxe kitchen, where he had evidently been cleaning. He wasn't cleaning now. He was standing there, watching goggle-eyed as my wife approached in all her nude, gym-taut, sexy glory.

But the important consultation call couldn't wait. Edie had timed this perfectly. There was a translator at the other end of my business call, and as I and my overseas counterpart spoke, there was some lag time. I used it to watch Edie with avid eyes.



She must have dropped in without Justin knowing, stripped, and was now cornering him. I watched her touch his shoulders, his chest. He seemed to be resisting. But then Edie grabbed him by the crotch, and he took her into his arms and they kissed.

My heart was pounding, my palms sweating. This wasn't Edie threatening to cheat on me; this was the real thing! The camera mounted on the kitchen wall showed me how she ground her body against his, how his hands roamed her back and ass, squeezing those lush mounds.

I burned with jealousy...but the images also aroused me. My rock-hard cock told no lies.

Edie took Justin by the hand and led him out of the kitchen. I panicked, desperate to see more. I clicked through the different views until I found them going upstairs into the bedroom.

Meanwhile, I had to keep up my end of the business call. There were facts and figures to recite. I hoped the tremor in my voice wasn't being translated. I answered questions and offered more data, but I was so distracted it was a wonder I could think straight, much less speak coherently.

Edie was helping Justin out of his clothes. His naked form was as toned as I'd suspected, and his cock was as hard as my own. As my wife wrapped her hand around his swollen shaft, I wanted to let out a moan but bit my lip instead. Edie pumped the organ in her fist while Justin shivered. They were standing at the foot of the big bed.

She knew where the cameras were in the house. She seemed to take special care not to block the shot in any way. Justin had bent and was sucking on her pert tits, his tongue flicking her tight pink buds. Edie tossed back her blonde-haired head, mouth wide on what was probably a loud groan of pleasure. The system wasn't rigged for audio. I couldn't have played it anyway with this call going on.



I traded more statistics with the man and his translator. But when Edie started to slide down onto her knees, my throat went dry and I couldn't make a sound for several seconds. My eyes fastened on the sight of my wife's lips enclosing the plump cockhead of our housekeeper. I watched her mouth move down his shaft, swallowing his inches.

It was...beautiful. But in such a weird way. That was *my* wife sucking on another guy's cock! I should be outraged, and part of me was. But another part was so excited I found I had to reach into my slacks to free my throbbing staff. As I resumed my data recitation, I couldn't help but start to pump my cock.

It was a damn good thing this wasn't a video call.

Edie went down on Justin for several minutes, until he had wound his fingers into her blonde hair and was plowing his cock into her mouth. I could see his balls spanking her chin. But Edie disengaged and got up onto the bed, lying back and spreading her legs. She said something to him before he leapt up there with her, and instead of ramming his cock into her, he hunkered down between her outspread thighs and lowered his mouth to her pussy.

It was a view of Edie I'd never gotten before. I loved eating her pussy, but of

**“I WATCHED HER
MOUTH MOVE
DOWN HIS SHAFT,
SWALLOWING HIS
INCHES.”**

course I couldn't make a careful study of her face while I did it. I watched her closely now. Her lovely features tightened and eased rhythmically. She playfully touched her breasts.

Justin's face burrowed. She had angled their bodies so I could see his tongue lapping its way up and down her streaming furrow. After a minute her hips started to jerk. She mashed her pussy against his open mouth. She grabbed hold of his dark hair and humped even harder. Finally she put her head back, and I could hear her cry in the memories of a hundred other times I'd gone down on her.

I was still jerking my cock as the conference call went on and on. We'd

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▸ STEPPING OUT

worked through blocks of information already, but there was still a ways to go. I struggled to maintain some sort of focus.

It was very difficult, as Edie at last drew Justin fully up onto her. The image of their entwined naked bodies filled my tablet screen. Something fluttered deep inside me as I watched Justin's cock penetrate my wife's pussy. I felt somehow included, like Edie had set this interlude up with my happiness in mind. We both still definitely loved each other. Maybe she'd recognized a need in me I'd never been fully aware of.

The vibrant sight of the two lovers consumed me. Justin went into her with long, slow strokes, just the way she liked to start out. Edie's legs rose and wrapped his trim waist. He sank himself deep into her, and I saw her whole body respond. They kissed again, and this time her mouth would taste of his cock and his tongue of her pussy juice.

After several moments, they picked up the tempo. Justin stroked into her harder and faster. Edie wriggled underneath him.

She was so agile and wiry. Again I had a unique view of her, one I'd never enjoyed before. This was how she looked when I fucked her, these same undulations, these same fingers raking my back. How lovely.

But suddenly she gripped Justin's shoulders and flipped him over onto the bed with some kind of judo move. He found himself on his back. Edie, grinning, lowered herself onto his rampant cock. I watched her take every inch up into herself, and then proceed to ride him like crazy.

She bounced wildly on that shaft, head flinging from side to side. Justin's face clenched with a helpless bliss. They reached a frenzied speed. By Edie's response, I knew he was jetting up inside her, just as I knew she, too, was coming. Her mouth was open wide, and I imagined she was indeed wailing like a banshee as her rapture overcame her.

I added a third orgasm to the scene, which was decidedly messy, but I didn't care. Dazed and happy I wiped myself off

and completed the conference call. The overseas executive later told my firm how impressed he was with my knowledge and concentration.

I went home that night to my wicked wife. Somehow our elevated social status didn't seem so important now.

—W.T., New York, New York

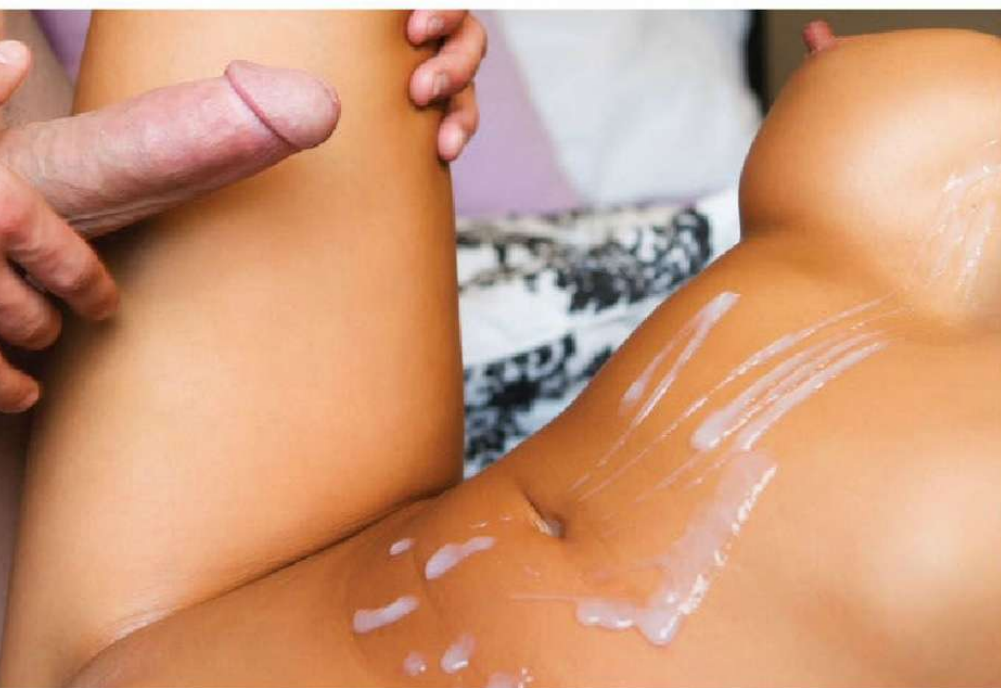
■ THE AFFAIR

Alison thinks I don't know about her affair, but the truth is, I've known for months. I'd accidentally grabbed her phone one morning and saw a text from one of the guys in my fantasy football league. Naturally, seeing his name pop up, I assumed it was my phone, but when I swiped to open the message, what I saw wasn't a gloating text about the previous night's game but a photo of his erect penis. At first I thought it was some sort of joke, but then I caught sight of the previous messages and realized that he'd been texting my wife.

I'm not normally one to snoop, but I was curious about what was going on, so I read through a bunch of their old texts. It turned out they'd been sleeping together for a few weeks, and flirting for much longer. But instead of getting mad, I got...aroused.

I was startled by my reaction, but the more I thought about it, the more turned on I became. Thinking about Ali with someone else should have made my blood boil, but I found the idea intriguing, and I realized that I actually wanted to watch them together. But I had no idea how to broach the subject with my wife. Clearly, she thought she was being sneaky, and she obviously didn't want me to know she was interested in sleeping with other people. So I'd have to find another way to get what I wanted.

And that's when Mark's next message pinged on her phone. He was reminding



her about their date that day, and he wanted to make sure I was going to be working so they could meet at our house. This was my chance!

I marked Ali's new texts as unread and put her phone in her purse before going to find her in the bedroom to say good-bye for the day. I told her that her phone had chimed and she had a message, then kissed her and headed out to work. Or at least that's what I led her to believe.

Instead of going to the office, I called out sick and drove around the corner to park my car in the commuter train lot. Then I walked back to the house and snuck inside. Ali always takes a really long shower in the morning, so I knew I had some time to set myself up.

There are two closets in our bedroom, Ali's and mine. Hers is a large walk-in with plenty of room for her shoes and dresses and handbags, and mine is smaller with a sliding door. I know Ali would never go in my closet—she'd have no reason to, unless she needed to get something for me—so I could sit inside and watch her with Mark.

I pushed my shoes into the corner of the closet and sat down on the floor, closing the door enough to keep me hidden in the dark but leaving it open a crack so I could see the bed. Then I silenced my cell phone and waited.

I was in the closet for about 40 minutes when Mark finally arrived. I heard his car pull into the driveway, and then I heard Ali greet him at the front door. They exchanged pleasantries, but the talking quickly ended as the kissing began. I couldn't hear them kissing, of course, and I couldn't see them just yet, but I knew. Ali is a chatterbox, and the only time she's quiet is when she's eating, reading, sleeping or fucking around. Considering she was unlikely to be eating, reading or sleeping, I knew she was up to something else—something dirtier.

I patiently waited for them to move to the bedroom, and it wasn't terribly long before they arrived. I heard their



“MARK WAS ALREADY HARD, AND MY WIFE SUCKED THE HEAD OF HIS COCK INTO HER MOUTH.”

footsteps as they came down the hall, and I started to get excited, wondering what I'd see.

When they finally entered the bedroom, I heard them kissing, and I heard my wife telling Mark how much she'd missed his cock over the past few weeks.

I continued to stare through the crack in the door, waiting for them to come into my line of sight, and they were still whispering about how much they'd missed fucking each other when they finally crossed in front of me. Mark's shirt was off and my wife, wearing only a bra and underwear, was undoing his belt so she could get into his pants.

As Ali got his pants unbuttoned and pulled them down, I got my first in-person look at the cock I'd been surprised with on my wife's phone only an hour earlier. He was hung! My wife is definitely a size

queen, and though Mark's dick wasn't as long as mine, it was very thick, and I knew she probably loved the way it filled her pussy—and her mouth. And as I watched her drop to her knees in front of him, I knew I was about to witness her experiencing that joy.

Mark was already hard, and my wife immediately sucked the head of his cock into her mouth. When she's with me, she usually starts by licking up and down the length of my shaft, but she must have been so turned on that she couldn't wait to get him inside her however she could.

I felt my dick growing hard as I watched her, and I was amazed at how strong my reaction was to seeing my wife with another man—with my friend. As excited as I'd been by the idea of my wife having an affair, I hadn't thought I'd like it quite so much, but all of sudden, I wanted to jerk off while I watched them. I couldn't, though. I knew if I started I'd risk giving away my presence, and I didn't want the action to stop. So I had to hold myself in check until I was truly alone.

It was no easy feat keeping my hands from straying to my fly. Ali's head was bobbing wildly on Mark's shaft, and seeing her cheeks puff up and her throat stretch as she tried to deep-throat him was impossibly arousing. Recalling how Ali sucks my cock, I knew that she probably had her tongue pressed firmly against the thick vein on the underside of Mark's shaft as her head moved, and

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I was pretty sure he was experiencing a pleasure that no other woman could possibly give him.

Ali worked that thick dick with her mouth before deep-throating Mark for a good 20 seconds. Then, as she pulled her lips back up to his tip, she wrapped one hand around the base of his shaft and moved the other between his legs to cup his balls. I knew that she was probably tickling the sensitive flesh behind his sac as she fondled his nuts, and then she started sucking the tip again while stroking his length. I could practically feel what Mark was experiencing, and I had to fight to keep my eyes open and locked on the couple instead of getting lost in my memories of all the times Ali had so expertly manhandled my own cock.

I thought maybe my wife was going to bring Mark to climax with her hands and mouth—I have a hard time lasting through one of Ali's expert blowjobs without coming myself—but it seemed they had other plans. Right when he started to

moan and thrust, she pulled back, stood up and quickly shed her bra while Mark, somehow ready for her, stripped off her panties.

I could see how wet Ali was even from my place in the closet, so it was no surprise to me that as soon as they were on the bed, Mark got her on her hands and knees and slid right into her pussy from behind. He buried himself inside her in one smooth, hard thrust, and

**“HE BURIED
HIMSELF INSIDE
HER IN ONE
SMOOTH, HARD
THRUST.”**

Ali moaned loudly, clearly happy to be stuffed full of cock.

He wrapped one hand around her and pulled her back up against his chest as he started to thrust in and out of her. As he pumped away, he fondled her breasts, squeezing them and tweaking the nipples, and she rested her head on his shoulder, her body moving with his as if running on autopilot. They'd obviously been hooking up for a while, because even when Mark started to thrust faster, they stayed together and in sync, like only practiced lovers can.

For a split second I was mad that they'd been keeping a secret from me for so long, but almost as soon as the thought entered my mind, it exited, as nothing could take away the excitement I felt watching my wife taking her pleasure from another man.

As they continued to fuck, their heavy, panting breaths filling the room, I had to fight not to get myself off, but I managed, somehow, to keep my hands to myself—or, rather, from myself.

I watched, enthralled, as they built up to their climaxes and then exploded one after the other, Mark coming first and Ali following behind a few seconds later.

When they'd finally finished, they spent only a moment lying in bed together before getting up and leaving the room. I had no idea if they were done for good or if they'd be back, but when I heard the shower start, I figured the show was over.

Taking the opportunity that had presented itself, I quietly snuck out of the house and then ran around the block to get my car. I waited about an hour, impatiently, before driving home, and I was thankful to see Mark's car was gone. My wife's car was gone, too, and I was glad to see she hadn't called out from work for her fling; I didn't really know how I'd explain being back so early.

Now, with the house to myself, I ran up to the bedroom and stood at the foot of the bed, looking at the rumpled covers while I jerked off, knowing what



had happened there. My dick had been painfully hard for so long that it only took a minute to bring myself to orgasm, and when I shot my load, it sprayed in long, thick ropes onto the unmade bed.

When my wife got home that night, she asked how my day was, and I couldn't keep the smile off my face when I told her that it had been excellent. "How was yours?" I asked in turn.

She paused and smiled before answering, a dreamy look in her eyes, "Oh, very good. Very, very good."

—T.H., Red Bank, New Jersey



BOOB TUBE

One afternoon I got off work early and decided to enter the house through the basement, not wanting to disturb my wife who works at home. I headed straight into my man cave where I could stay out of the way and watch the game in peace.

When I turned on the TV, I was faced with various viewpoints from our house's security cameras instead. Movement in the top right corner of the screen caught my eye. It was our bedroom; I'd installed security cameras after our house had been robbed. But it wasn't a burglar in our room. No, it was my wife, Sarah, and our housekeeper, on display, courtesy of many well-placed cameras.

I could tell right away that something was different about this encounter. The women's lazy, sexy smiles clued me in. I expanded the image and sat back, assessing the scene as it played out before me. My eyes widened and my pulse spiked as I considered the possibility that my fantasy of watching my wife with another woman could actually become reality.

I sank into the couch as I watched Lina gently push my wife onto the mattress. Sarah was giggling, circling her arms around Lina's neck as she planted a kiss

on the housekeeper's lips. The two girls wriggled their bodies together, and I felt my cock begin to swell.

After a few minutes of sensual kissing, Lina moved herself to the side and slid down to the carpet, tugging Sarah by her ankles and draping her legs over the side of the bed. When Lina's head disappeared between my wife's legs, I almost lost it. I knew I wasn't the only guy on earth who'd fantasized about seeing his wife have a lesbian encounter; I just couldn't believe I was lucky enough to actually see the sexiness unfold before me.

My eyes remained glued to the screen as Lina used her tongue to drive Sarah wild, swiping it up and down her slit. Lina spread my wife's thighs wide and lapped frantically at Sarah's clit. My bride gripped the sheets and arched off the bed, grinding her pussy into her lover's face when the pleasure became too much. As her body relaxed somewhat, Sarah slid her palms to her hips in a sensual caress, easing them upward and across the smooth plane of her stomach, right up to those plump breasts I love to lick and suck.

Sarah gently massaged her abundant tits. Then massaging morphed into little pinches as she worked her nipples, her head lolling in delight. My mouth watered as I longed to pull one of those beautiful pink buds into my mouth and tickle it with

my tongue. The fact that I couldn't was an exquisite sort of torture that only made my dick harder.

Had Sarah always had bisexual tendencies? And more importantly, how could I convince her to indulge her lust in front of me, in person?

I brought my focus back to the screen just in time to see Lina's skating her palms up Sarah's thighs. The caress made Sarah tremble, her hands reaching out to Lina's to move them up to her breasts and replace her own. Lina's head reappeared, her smile bright, before her tongue darted out to lick her glossy lips and make me groan.

She stroked Sarah's breasts, fingertips dancing delicately along those fleshy curves. As Sarah slid her own hand down to her core, Lina giggled and murmured something in Sarah's ear. Then she tickled my wife's nipples and pinched them, making Sarah groan with abandon. Sarah's hips beat a steady rhythm against the bed, wordlessly begging for more.

When Lina latched her lips over one nipple, Sarah groaned and her breaths quickened. She tangled her fingers through Lina's hair, keeping the housekeeper's mouth firmly in place. It was more pleasure than Sarah's body could take and her hips bucked furiously. Having seen this behavior before myself, I knew that Sarah was on the verge of a

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**“HER MOANS
TURNED TO
SCREAMS AS LINA
ADDED SOME
FINGERS TO
THE MIX.”**

mind-altering orgasm, and I couldn't wait to see it happen.

When Sarah placed her hands on Lina's head and pushed her back down to the promised land, my erection grew too desperate to be ignored. My dick strained against the fly of my jeans, begging to be released and demanding some fun.

Still, I didn't move. I couldn't take my eyes off of Sarah. She looked so free, so vibrant. I vowed to keep my eyes open the next time we fucked. No matter how badly my body aches to let go, I will never allow myself to miss a moment of her pleasure ever again. Watching my wife writhe beneath another woman as she came was one of the hottest, most erotic things I've ever experienced, and I wanted to see more.

Patience is not a virtue Sarah possesses, so I wasn't surprised to see her push Lina onto her back and take charge of the situation.

I swallowed hard, transfixed as I watched my wife rub her double-Ds against Lina's small, perky breasts. Sarah lowered her head and sucked one of Lina's nipples between her lips, making the smaller girl sigh prettily. Then my wife slowly trailed her hand down Lina's side before slipping between the housekeeper's thighs to stroke her center.

Lina moaned, her hips working



frantically against Sarah's hand. She met Sarah thrust for thrust, rolling her hips so that her clit brushed against Sarah's palm, amplifying her pleasure.

Suddenly, Lina's hips stilled as her body tensed. She gently bit down on Sarah's shoulder, barely containing her screams as she took her pleasure. Then she tapped Sarah's shoulder, gently lifting her chin to look her in the eye.

I leaned forward, my eyes glued to the screen. *Please don't stop, baby.*

Sarah smiled, flicking her tongue across Lina's lips before plunging into a hot, rough kiss. But then Sarah broke away, climbing onto the bed and crawling to the center to recline across the pillows.

Sarah popped one finger into her mouth, then two, before raising her free hand to beckon Lina closer. Then Sarah did something I never expected. She slid those deliciously wet fingers deep inside her own pussy, giving the camera a bird's-eye view of her pretty pussy being penetrated.

Lina crawled toward her, clearly

enjoying the sight as much as I was. She nestled herself between Sarah's thighs and began to kiss a trail up her legs. She started with the right, gently working her way to Sarah's core. If Sarah's anguished gasp was anything to go by, Lina was purposefully avoiding her pussy, skirting around the delicate area as she kissed her way back down Sarah's left leg.

Though I wasn't in the room, I could taste Sarah's arousal. Desperation colored her face, her expression begging Lina for release. But instead Lina shimmied her way up Sarah's body, positioning her knees so that her pussy hovered above Sarah's tongue.

Watching my wife reach around to grip Lina's ass as she ate her out was the hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life. I'm not going to lie, I'd always admired Lina's ass. Discreetly, of course. But now, seeing that ass bouncing above my wife's tits as the ladies raced toward their orgasms drove me crazy. I wondered what would happen if I wandered up to the bedroom and surprised them.

But I didn't. Damn it, I wasn't willing to risk making this all come to an end. It was like watching my own personal porno produced by my wife for me, in the privacy of my own home, starring the woman I loved and the one I ached to touch. Really aside from joining in, what could be better?

Lina threw her head back, a smile on her lips as she found her release. Her body sagged forward, looking spent from an earth-shattering orgasm.

At first I thought they were done. I sank back into the couch, aroused and wanting a hell of a lot more. Luckily for me, Lina did not disappoint. She eased herself back down Sarah's body, lying atop her and focusing again on her tits. They seemed to be her favorite part of Sarah. We have that in common.

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lina's waist, perfectly angling her hips to bring her clit against Lina's skin. As she found a rhythm she liked, I finally gave into my own urges and freed my cock. As I slid my fist up and down the shaft, my eyes never left the screen. I worked myself up to the same rhythm Sarah set, my balls turning tight in an instant.

When Lina slid down Sarah's body to continue her naughty tongue-work, I picked up my pace, careening toward an orgasm so intense I struggled to keep my eyes open. But no way in hell was I missing the big finish.

Sarah braced herself on the bed, her feet planted on the mattress as she angled her hips upward. Her moans turned to screams as Lina added some fingers to the mix, and then pushed harder and deeper. Sarah looked desperate and delirious.

Lina clearly loved to play games. She got up and moved to Sarah's side, presenting me with the perfect shot of my hot wife. She shoved two fingers back inside Sarah's pussy, pumping furiously as Sarah met her thrust for thrust.

Lina moved with a speed and agility that mesmerized me. The harder Lina

worked Sarah's pussy, the wilder Sarah got, her fingers tearing at the sheets as she reveled in the pleasure.

I've never worked Sarah so hard; I never realized she wanted me to. Sarah's reactions to Lina's intense touch revealed a new side of my wife, one I planned to explore thoroughly.

Suddenly Sarah sat up, her mouth forming a perfect little "O" before she fell back, her body shaking with the intensity of her orgasm. Then I saw firsthand why Lina had moved. As Sarah came, her body released a rush of clear liquid, her body quaking as pleasure wrung out every last bit of her erotic energy.

Though I wasn't with her, my body seemed to absorb Sarah's pleasure, ratcheting up my arousal until I was one thrust away from my own explosion. Another pump and I was gone, my groan echoing throughout the basement.

Now that I think about it, the groan is definitely what gave me away. The

moment I caught my breath I glanced back up at the screen, laughing at the looks of fear and confusion blooming on the faces of my own personal porn stars. I laughed, wondering how long it would take Sarah to figure out I'd been home all along.

She didn't have anything to worry about. I wasn't angry about her hooking up with Lina. I just wanted an invite next time. Yeah, Sarah and I definitely needed to have a talk, but my only demand was that from now on I get a front-row seat. If we could throw in a bit of audience participation, well that would be even better.

-R.T., via email

Is your relationship open? Since you like to share, why not share your story? Mail your tale to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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GOOD SAMARITANS

A wicked wife and her admiring husband come to the aid of their hen-pecked neighbor, offering him the erotic adventure of a lifetime.

By Sommer Marsden

It wasn't much of a couples getaway. Including me and my wife, there were only three pairings, but one of them fought nonstop during the journey to our destination. I dropped my luggage in our room after the long drive and looked at Cecily. "What the fuck?"

She shook her head. "I didn't know they were like that. Just be grateful we didn't have to drive with them. We only had to deal with it at the rest stops."

Our cabins were set three in a row. We were in the first, Melanie and Tom in the second, and the fighting couple, Janine and Brad, in the last. We were casual acquaintances from the neighborhood.

"Right now I'm grateful that we're not next to them. God knows what poor Melanie and Tom are going to have to listen to."

Cecily winced and started to hang up her clothes in the closet. "It's only three days, Mike."

"Thank the universe for that." I chuckled and took a short tour of the tiny cabin. The main room was done up in clichéd cabin décor. There was a deep shag rug in front of a potbellied stove. I assumed it was intended to be some kind of animal, but it was definitely a synthetic mass-produced mess. The sofa was comfortable but upholstered with corduroy in varying striations of green, gold and amber. Very 1970s but decent. I spied a small TV and a deer head on the wall, as well as some rustic paintings—also mass produced—and assorted sconces.

The bedroom sported a queen-size bed with a knotty pine frame, more boring paintings, and some kind of mounted taxidermy animal that might have been a jackalope, which made me laugh.

Cecily popped her head out of the

bathroom and whispered, "Look at this fucking tub!"

I followed her into the bathroom, clearly the most modern part of the cabin. Instead of wood on the walls it was painted a very pale shade of yellow, almost gold. The towels were plaid—hey, no one's perfect. And the tub was a deep well of pristine white porcelain that was big enough for several people.

"I can actually submerge all my bits at once," she said in awestruck wonder.

I had to laugh. The inability to fit in

**"SHE GOT HER
LIPS NEARLY TO
THE BASE OF
HIS DICK, AND
THEN WORKED
HER WAY UP."**

most tubs was Cecily's biggest bathroom gripe. Being five-foot-nine, she could rarely get everything underwater at once. She always said the same thing, "If my boobs are underwater, my knees aren't. If my knees are underwater, my boobs are cold."

"So, what you're saying is, you can get the tits *and* the knees underwater at the same time?"

She wrapped her arms around me and pressed herself tight to my body. "Exactly. Do you know what that does to me?"

"I don't know...Makes you giddy with bathing delight?"

"No. This." She took my hand, slipped it into the waistband of her low-slung jeans, and then worked it into her panties. Beneath my fingers she was wet. Fuck, she was drenched.

"From a tub?"

"Well, from a tub. From us being alone. And from me being extremely grateful we are not Janine and Brad."

I worked my fingers into her pussy and felt her grip them tight. I pushed them deeper, curling them a few times, and then painted her own juices over her clit, swirling my finger in circles.

"Get on your knees," Cecily whispered.

The words alone made my dick hard. I dropped to my knees and unbuttoned her jeans. I tugged them down and then swept her black panties down her legs. I pushed my face to her pussy, inhaling the scent of her. I spread her outer lips and slipped my tongue over her clit. I painted elaborate zigzags and circles as she gripped my hair, tugging it so hard my eyes stung. That sensation of pain shot straight down my belly to my cock. I slid my fingers back into her cunt, thrusting deep and then curling them against her G-spot. I sucked her clit and then lapped at it, repeating the act over and over, her favorite motions, until her knees dipped and she came. Her cries were loud in the spacious tiled bathroom.

She tugged my hair once more, and I stood, not needing her to speak. I went to our weird countrified bed and took my clothes off. She climbed on the mattress after ditching her shirt and bra and got on her hands and knees. Her taut ass was bared, her pussy flushed and wet. I settled behind her and slid into her pussy easily. A single hard thrust and I was seated balls-deep, her cunt gripping me like a wet fist. I started to move and could



feel her hand beneath her body, toying with her clit as I fucked her.

I licked my thumb and pushed it into her ass. She grunted with abandon, and I gripped her hip with my free hand so tightly I thought I'd leave tiny dark crescent bruises on her skin.

"Harder," she said over her shoulder. "Fuck me harder!"

I obliged, pounding into her, watching her ass shake, and working my thumb in her back hole as she moaned and stroked her clit. She shoved her body back, tossing her long dark hair, and when her pussy spasmed around me, milking my cock, I lost my resolve and came with a bellow.

We dropped to the bed on our bellies, arms entwined. She turned and looked at me with big green eyes, saying, "You know, I feel bad for Brad."

I cocked an eyebrow. "Why's that?"

"If you pay attention, she hounds him. She's the source of the drama. He's always trying to be accommodating, and she's always picking and creating issues."

I thought about it and nodded. "You know what? You're right."

"I think we should be extra nice to Brad on this trip at some point," she said.

I caught her big grin and the way her eyes flashed. "Do you?" Even as I said it, my dick was getting hard again.

"I think we should soothe some of

what ails him. Give him succor. Be good Samaritans."

I cleared my throat and then nodded. "You have anything in mind?"

"Oh, I do. You up for some fun?"

I shut my eyes and focused on the fact that my cock was as hard as a rock again. I groaned slightly and nodded. "I am."

"Good. Now roll on your back. Your dick is hard again, isn't it? Let me help you with that." I shut my eyes when her hot, wet mouth closed over me...

We had a fire pit the second night. Each couple brought out a bottle of wine and snacks, and we sat around when the sun started to set, watching the bats

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fly in great swooping waves above the treetops. I noticed that Cecily made a beeline for the seat closest to Brad and engaged him instantly.

We tried all the different wines, and when those bottles ran dry, I went into our cabin for more. When I came back out, Brad and Janine were arguing about the cheese.

"I told you Monterey Jack, and you bought Muenster."

"You said Muenster." He kept his voice even.

"I didn't. I specifically told you..."

I was tuning her out and watching him. His eyes glazed over, and I had a moment of utter empathy for the man. I hadn't married a woman like that, but I'd dated a few.

He muttered, "Sorry. I must have misunderstood," trying to make the peace. But Janine just kept at him.

When Janine ended up stomping inside for a sweater, I watched from the corner of my eye as Cecily ran her hand

up his arm and stroked it. She leaned in close and whispered something to him. Then she gave him a discreet peck on the cheek.

I watched for a reaction, and even in the firelight I could see a look of happiness cross his face. It's amazing what a little bit of kindness can do.

When we returned to our cabin, I pushed her up against the wall and kissed her neck. She growled in my ear, and I put my teeth to her throat the way she likes. I gave her several hard love bites, knowing tiny purple stars—barely visible, but tender to the touch—would live there for days.

"What did you say to him?"

"I said that we'd like to have him over, if he could get away for a bit. I told him you were a generous man who liked to share. Especially when someone is getting the short end of the stick. I told him that I'd suck his cock."

I pushed her leggings down and knocked her knees apart with my leg.

"I told him that you could fuck me and he could fuck me, and it would be lovely and no one would yell or nitpick or criticize."

I forced three fingers into her cunt and found her dripping wet. "And he said?"

"He mentioned how Janine was supposed to go shopping with me and Melanie tomorrow afternoon, and the men are supposed to fish. I think I'll have a headache, and you don't want to leave me alone. And Brad will just have to come up with his own damn excuse for not being available to Tom."

I grabbed her ass and angled her, thrusting my cock into her abundant wetness. Her breath caught and her eyes drifted shut, and I delivered another sharp bite to her collarbone. It only took a few minutes of holding her to the wall, fucking her hard, and raking my teeth across her skin before she came. And I was right on her heels, picturing my wife sucking the cock of poor harped-on Brad.

When the women came calling for Cecily the next day, I told them, quite somberly, that she'd woken with a terrible headache. They called out their get-wells and went on as easy as you please. The promise of outlet shops was much more exciting than a friend with a headache.

When Tom came by, I told him, "Cec has a terrible headache. Looks like it could turn into a migraine. I don't want to leave her."

His face fell, and he shook his head. "You, too? Man, I can't win today. Brad said he wasn't feeling well either. I guess I'll have to go to that bar up the road and have a few drinks and watch the game. Poor, poor me." He laughed. "Tell Cecily I hope she feels better."

I promised I would and shut the door. Now we waited.

Cecily walked up behind me and pressed her body to mine. "No issues?"

"Nope. No issues. Brad should be here soon."

She wore a thin cream sweater and no bra. Her leggings were wine colored, her



pretty feet bare. She wore her hair loose and minimal makeup, and she was, hands down, stunning.

When the knock came on the door, she squealed with excitement and clapped her hands. I couldn't help but laugh because she was so goddamned adorable. "Calm down. Don't scare him." I shook my head, still laughing, and opened the door.

"Hey, man. How's it going?"

"A little nerve-wracking," he said with a wry smile. "But it's fine. This was more important than fishing, and I know I'll need a pick-me-up before Janine gets back."

"We can help with the tension," Cecily said, coming up to wrap her arms around him. She gave him a hug, but then again she hugs everyone. My wife is a hugger and very affectionate. "Why don't you sit? Do you want a drink?"

"Isn't it a little early?" He smiled.

"Well, it's noon here—and five o'clock somewhere," she said. "But if you don't want one..."

"Actually, I would like one. Break one rule, break 'em all. I'm not supposed to drink before five. It's an etiquette thing."

"Is that so?" She wandered off to get a beer from the fridge. "Whose etiquette?"

He shrugged. "I have no idea. Janice read it somewhere, and it became a rule."

Cecily tsked, and I had to press my lips together to keep from smiling. "Well, I say break that rule. You're on vacation, after all. It's not like you drink at noon every day, right? But when you're away and having a bit of a break, it seems perfectly reasonable."

He nodded, guzzling half the beer in a single gulp. First-timer nerves, I thought. But most people get them. I wasn't worried, though. Cecily would work him out. She had the magic touch. In many, many areas.

She started to knead his shoulders, standing behind the sofa where he was seated. He was facing me, and she gave me a wink and a grin. "I think you just



"I STOOD SO I COULD CATCH EVERY LAP OF HIS TONGUE, THE CIRCLES HE DREW."

need to relax. How does that sound?"

Poor Brad said good, but the word came out kind of slurred. Like he'd had six beers, instead of a half. He was drunk on my wife. Cecily was better than any booze out there; I knew that for a fact.

After a few minutes, she started to rake her nails across his scalp lightly. His eyes drifted shut, and it gave me a second to study him. His pulse was beating rapidly at the base of his throat. His hard-on was outlined perfectly against the pale denim of his jeans. And from what I could see Cecily was going to be very happy.

When he was relaxed, she walked to the front of the sofa and unbuttoned his jeans. She pulled down the zipper, and he roused himself from his stupor long

enough to watch her. His eyes flicked to me for a second, and I smiled at him encouragingly.

She dropped to her knees and fished his cock from his boxer briefs. Then she started to stroke him, her small hand drifting up and down his shaft over and over. His breath caught, and that's when she went in for the kill, sucking the tip of his cock between her lips and swirling her tongue. I knew what that felt like, and I envied him briefly.

She forced her mouth down his shaft, taking him slowly so he could appreciate the wet-velvet feel of her mouth. She got her lips nearly to the base of his dick, and then worked her way up. She placed open-mouthed kisses up and down his erection, alternating with broad strokes of her tongue. He groaned and put his hands in her dark hair.

I gave her a minute to work more magic, and then walked up behind her. "Up," I said.

She immediately straightened and put her arms in the air. I pulled her sweater over her head, watching her hair swish with the action. I dropped the sweater on the floor and stepped back. Brad's eyes flicked to me again, but this time he smiled.

Cecily leaned in and moved her arms to press her breasts together. They were

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perfect tea-cup-sized tits with rosebud pink nipples at the end. She worked his cock between the dainty mounds of flesh and then started to move so he was tit-fucking her. It took about two seconds before he was thrusting up into her cleavage, eyes fully pinned to the display.

I watched her hips rock with the movement and bit my tongue to keep from interrupting to take off those goddamn leggings.

She finally broke contact and stood. I stepped in and pushed my fingers into her waistband, skating the leggings down her thighs and over her calves until she could finally step free of them. Beneath the leggings she was utterly bare.

"Are you an ass man, a mouth man, or a cunt man?" she asked him, never breaking her gaze from his.

"I..." Brad looked like his brain had shut down, and he couldn't choose.

Again, I had to press my lips together to keep from laughing. Poor guy. Poor lucky bastard.

"Any," he said. "I don't care."

"Hmm..." She turned her big green eyes my way. "Honey?"

"THEN I TOOK OVER. I REACHED BETWEEN HER LEGS AND SLID MY FINGERS INTO HER."

"Guest chooses first."

"Janine won't even consider anal," Brad said as if he was thinking. But he wasn't. That was clearly his choice.

"Ass it is, then," she responded. "But the key to really good anal is getting your lady super turned on. Do you have a way to turn me on, Brad?"

He blinked and then smiled. "Come here."

She stepped forward, and he used his hands to push her stance wider. Then he grabbed her hips and started to eat her. His tongue was a frantic whirl, he was

so excited. I stood so I could catch every lap of his tongue, the flicks and circles he drew. When my cock felt like it was made of steel, I went behind her, wrapped my arms around her torso and cupped her breasts. I squeezed until she gasped, and then I started to pinch her nipples the way she liked. The way that got her off. Softly at first and then hard. Then harder still. By the time she started bucking her hips, I was squeezing them so tightly between my fingertips that my hands began to ache.

She came with a final buck of her hips, her head tossed back and resting against my shoulder.

Then I took over. I reached between her legs and slid my fingers into her from behind. I fucked her slow and easy at first, and then began to massage her G-spot. I alternated thrusting and curling my fingers until a second orgasm struck her, making her body tremble and her breath rush out of her lungs.

"Now she's ready," I said to Brad over her shoulder.

He nodded as I scooped up my wife and carried her to the bedroom.

She opened her eyes and smiled at me. "And what do you want, big guy? Mouth or pussy?"

"Dealer's choice," I said.

"Mouth then," she said. "I want to suck your cock. I want you to come in my mouth... on my face... in my hair."

A growl escaped me, and I had to take a deep breath. "Whatever you want, baby."

I laid her on the bed and stacked two pillows in the middle. She arranged herself so that she had her ass in the air. I watched Brad watching her. His eyes were avid, his breath shallow. I opened the nightstand and tossed him a bottle of lube.

"When you think you've used enough, use more."

He nodded, and I watched him shuck his jeans and his sweater. He climbed up behind her and ran his hands reverently

across the globes of her ass. "Start with your fingers," I said. "Open her up."

He pushed a finger into her ass slowly after coating it in lube. When she pressed back and groaned, I nodded to him. Brad added a second finger slowly, working her ass and watching in awe. When she pressed back for that, I said, "Now your cock."

He drenched his dick in lube and pressed the head of it to the tight star of her anus.

"Slow," I said, taking off my own clothes. "She'll let you know when you can go fast."

I climbed onto the bed so I was in front of her and ran my cockhead along her lips like I was applying lipstick. She parted for me and sucked the head into her mouth. The thought that his dick had just been in there flashed through my mind, and I grabbed her hair in my hand and slid deeper into the recesses of her mouth.

Brad gasped, and I smiled down at her. "I think he's in."

She smiled as much as she could, but her eyes were laughing. She rocked backward to show she was okay with him going fast now. I nodded to Brad, and he understood. He grabbed her hips firmly and started to drive in and out of her. His face was a mask of concentration, his eyelids half shut.

His hips pumped energetically, and I winked at her. "Touch yourself baby."

She licked her way up the underside of my shaft and teased the tip of my cock with her rigid tongue. Then she drove her mouth down on me again, reaching the base of my dick. I didn't let my eyes drift shut like they wanted to. I watched. Watched him fucking her ass. Watched him observing the marvel of his dick going in and out of that impossibly tight hole.

All the while I thrust into her mouth, feeling the hollow of her throat, her heat and her magic. She sucked me greedily, breathing deep through her nose. I could see the flex of the muscle in her arm as she stroked her clit.

She stayed there caught between us for who knows how long. It was forever and a second all at the same time. I fucked her mouth, he fucked her ass, and her eyes were shiny with satisfaction. I knew she'd be recalling this event the whole drive home, and God only knew how many times we'd screw afterward, reliving it verbally.

"Fuck," Brad said. "Fuck. I'm going to come."


That pushed me closer to my own orgasm—fast. The desperation in his voice and the visual of him reaming her hole.

She heard him, too, and Cecily's eyes went wide as her hand worked more urgently beneath her body. She came with a cry, but it was corked by my cock

in her mouth. Her body bucked and her hair tossed, and Tom groaned, caught up in the tornado of her pleasure. He let his head tip back and growled at the ceiling as he climaxed.

I lost my battle and came, as well, pulling out midway to paint her face and her hair, as requested. I wanted to give her what she wanted. Because she always gave me what I wanted. Her love. Adventure. Torrid times with browbeaten men that we could recount for years to come. Pulling the memories out like little treasures of when we were young and wild and in love.

"Happy?" I asked her.

"I'm always happy when I'm with you," she said quietly so only I could hear. 





LETTER OF THE MONTH

DIRTY DORA

Watching his wife fuck another lover takes this husband to a brave new level of X-rated erotic excitement.

“**W**hat’s the matter, Lloyd?” my new boss asked me. We were up on a balcony of his palatial spread, drinking cocktails and taking in the scene.

I didn’t answer at first. I simply stared down below at the guests—specifically one guest—specifically my wife.

There was Dora. And there were men watching her, following her, lusting after her, as always. Wherever we went, Dora captivated the lustful attention of any hot-blooded male. On this evening, we were at a big outdoor party, a corporate event with catered food and live music, very festive. But all of my attention was on Dora as she strolled about, so beautiful, so poised, trailing horny guys everywhere she went.

I was supposed to be making a good impression on my boss, Harold. He had aggressively recruited me into the firm, and this was our first chance to mingle away from the office. But my attention went again and again to Dora, with her flowing dark hair and her supple body. It was no wonder I’d wanted to marry her, but this first year of our marriage had been something of an ordeal. I couldn’t quite get used to the fact that many men so obviously wanted to fuck her.

Jealousy, I told myself, was a stupid immature preoccupation. I knew that Dora loved me. I was also sure she would never cheat on me. Yet she was very open about enjoying the attention of all those guys, who seemed to turn up everywhere—in restaurants, in stores, on the street—trailing her like horny dogs.

I should have been making the most of this golden opportunity, so I apologized to my boss. “Sorry. I just—it’s just—” I fumbled. Even now I was watching Dora below, laughing as two men fought over

the privilege of getting her a fresh drink.

“She’s something, isn’t she?”

I looked at Harold. He, too, was admiring my pretty wife. Was he trying to deliberately rile me?

As if reading my mind, he put a hand on my shoulder. “Relax. Your wife is a lovely woman. Seeing other men interested in her, though—how does that make you feel?”

It seemed a strange and intrusive question, but Harold’s manner was

**“SHE HAD SOME
RANDOM STUD
WITH HER, AND
SHE WAS
SPREADING HER
LEGS FOR HIM.”**

friendly. Figuring I’d better answer, I admitted, “I get jealous.”

He nodded sympathetically and pulled me toward a door, into his spacious den. When he closed the balcony door, the noise of the party practically disappeared. We sat in leather chairs. This was a more intimate meeting than I could have hoped for, a chance to really secure my position in the top-rated firm. But I sensed Harold might have something else in mind.

“Lloyd, I’m older than you.” In his 40s, Harold was still a fit and handsome man. “I’ve had some time to work things out. You haven’t met my wife yet?”

I shook my head, wondering where this

was going. I was feeling lost.

He chuckled. “Well, whichever men aren’t tailing your wife like hounds on the scent, I guarantee they’re sniffing around my gorgeous lady. Here, take a look.” Unexpectedly, he clicked a remote that appeared in his hand, lighting a flat-screen TV that dominated one wall of his private den.

The face of a ravishing 40-something female appeared. Her hair was icy-blond, her features sculpted and delicate, and her stunning blue eyes were mesmerizing. I found myself staring.

“She’s something, too, wouldn’t you say?”

For a moment, I feared I was being set up. But Harold smiled, so I said, “Yes. An attractive woman.”

“You’d want to fuck her, right?”

This time I gaped at him. No way was I going there.

He laughed loudly. “I’m not offering you the services of Tonia, Lloyd. If you were to fuck her, I would feel jealousy. And if I were to watch you fuck my wife, I would go half out of my mind...but I would also enjoy it.” He gave me a weird, knowing grin.

I felt dizzy, with no idea how I’d gotten into this with my new employer. Then things got stranger. Harold flicked his remote control, and new images appeared on the screen. More of his wife, Tonia. She posed in a slinky dress, in a swimsuit, then, inevitably, she stood there naked. Hers was a sleek exquisite body. Her skin looked like cream. Her tits were full, capped with stiff, pink nipples. A triangular blonde fuzz framed her pussy lips. A back view showed me her luscious ass. She grinned at me from the wall, piercing me with those sensual blue eyes.

My cock surged in my slacks. My



LETTER OF THE MONTH



cocktail shook in my hand. I bit my lip.

"You don't have to pretend she doesn't turn you on, Lloyd. Hell, I can see you've got a raging hard-on. And that does make jealous."

"Harold, I don't mean to—"

"I like this feeling!" His eyes were suddenly bright. "Jealousy is a powerful emotion. It's a primal motivator. Think how much of human history has been shaped by it. It's an energetic feeling. And if you can harness that passion, tweak it a little, you'll find yourself with a mighty sexual stimulant."

We had entered the realm of the bizarre. Instinct told me to bolt from the room, but I stayed in my seat, and I looked again at the images of Tonia's flawless body. I did want to fuck her.

Harold drained his drink and took on a quieter air. "I'm sorry if I've made you uncomfortable, Lloyd. I sensed in you a kindred spirit. It's one of the reasons I hired you. When I saw your wife today, saw how men responded to her, I realized we might have even more in common than business sensibilities."

I finished off my cocktail as well, needing the burn of the alcohol to steady me. This was all so surreal.

"WHEN HE PUT HIS MOUTH ON DORA'S PUSSY, HER BODY BUCKED WITH PLEASURE."

He continued, "If I hadn't learned how to handle my wife's appeal to other men, our marriage would've long since failed. Better than that, though, I found a way to make our sex life more spectacular than I could have ever imagined." Still holding the remote, he clicked until another image lit up the screen.

Tonia, now on her knees before a naked muscled male, had her mouth on his hard cock. Suddenly, the scene was in motion, no longer a still image. Harold's wife sucked the man with obvious enthusiasm. After a moment, he lifted her up and spread her out on a bed.

She parted her thighs, and he climbed on top, thrusting into her pussy.

I looked sidelong at Harold. I saw an expression on his face I'd never seen on anybody's before. His features displayed high emotion, mouth hanging open, eyes wide. He looked both distressed and excited. As he watched his wife getting plowed, his brow shone with sweat. He was shaking his head, as if denying what he saw, but at the same time I heard him whispering tightly, "Yes, yes. Fuck her. Fuck her hard. Yes, yes..."

I looked back at the screen, wondering under what circumstances these images had been taken. For a few seconds, I tried to imagine that it was Dora up there, her dark hair fanned around her head, her breasts jouncing as she took the repeated thrusts of the muscular stud.

A strange fluttery feeling bloomed inside me, tickling my gut and closing around my heart. The fantasy made me immediately jealous, but in the same instant my cock throbbed crazily. I realized I was venturing into unexplored sexual territory, at least in the abstract. What if I made a bargain with Dora that she could follow through on her normal flirtatious behavior and take things to the limit with some strange man?

And what if she let me watch?

The very idea shook me at my deepest levels. Harold had one thing right. Jealousy was definitely a primal emotion.

My boss shut off the screen and wiped his face with a handkerchief. He looked steadily at me, trying to gauge my mood.

"I want the people who work for me to be happy, Lloyd, because I expect a lot from them. If I've been wrong about you and your wife, I apologize. If not, I can make arrangements that might benefit you both. I leave it up to you."

Harold showed me his setup later. He'd had a special bedroom built like an interrogation room, with an adjacent chamber and a one-way mirror installed between. Here was where his wife, Tonia, brought her lovers. Harold took me into

the viewing room, where there was a comfortable chair. It afforded a full sweep of any and all pornographic doings in the other room. I recognized the bed from the film he'd showed me earlier. I noticed also all the recording equipment.

"Imagine Dora on that bed," he murmured in the dim room. "Think of you watching her."

Suddenly, though, the setup seemed too artificial. Harold and Tonia scheduled these events. Sometimes the guest male was even in on their plan beforehand. I couldn't see bringing Dora here and watching from this chair as if she were a performer. That was what Harold was explicitly offering me right now.

I backed off a step. "Let me consider it. Okay?"

He nodded with perfect understanding and ushered me back out to the party, which was still in full swing. I found Dora, sashaying about in the clingy dress that showed off her taut, tasty figure. Right on cue, three men came trailing after her, tongues practically hanging out. Dora offered just enough encouragement to keep them tagging along.

I felt an ember of jealousy come to glowing life in me. I felt something else, too, something new. I wanted the humiliation, the rush of arousal, the burn of desire, which would come from seeing one of those men take her to bed. This thought left me shivering all over.

But it would have to be on my and Dora's terms, not something my kindly (and kinky) new boss would benevolently arrange for me.

The next night, I summoned the courage and tossed out the proposal to my wife. I loved her, and she me. We had an adventurous sex life, but this was something brand new for both of us.

"Would you really enjoy that, Lloyd?"

I sat with her on the end of our bed. She wore a silky negligee. "I...think so. Don't you ever want to screw one of those flirty guys?"

Her dark eyes looked away.



"Sometimes. But I wouldn't. I never have, while we've been married. I swear."

I took her hands. "I believe you. But if you wanted to, if you wanted to fuck some other man..."

Her eyes lit up, and heat rushed through me. It was something more than excitement. I stripped and pulled that flimsy nightie off her. She parted her legs and drew me inside her. With our eyes locked in passion, I hammered her pussy until she writhed and moaned underneath me. The idea had definitely stirred us both. We came together with an intensity that I had never experienced before. And that was from the mere suggestion of what we might do in the future.

Afterward, I told her my plan. Her excitement and arousal matched my own. She kissed me lovingly.

We agreed there needed to be an

element of spontaneity to this. Dora was capable of picking up a strange man any time she left the house. I worked odd hours at the firm, sometimes putting in a great deal of time on a single project. She didn't always know exactly when I would come home.

It was a week of intriguing cat-and-mouse. Some part of me was always aware of what she might be up to. Even so, I stayed focused on my work. Harold and other corporate officers congratulated me on my accomplishments.

Then one evening I closed a deal early and headed home. There I found an unfamiliar car in the driveway. I parked out of sight and walked quietly up my drive, past the stranger's auto, and headed along the side of our house. We knew our neighbors. Nobody was going

LETTER OF THE MONTH



to call the cops if they saw me going into my own side yard.

I crept along, around to the rear of the house. My heart was beating hard, and I was careful with my footsteps, not wanting to make any noise. A fence completely surrounded the backyard. Light spilled from our bedroom, onto the grass.

The car might have belonged to a friend of Dora's, but somehow I knew otherwise. I knew my wife was being unfaithful. I knew she had brought a strange male into our home—and I hoped to hell I wasn't too late to watch them fuck!

I edged up to the window. The curtains were parted so that I could comfortably see everything in the bedroom. Dora had been very considerate.

The man she had taken home was an athletic-looking guy with a mop of sun-bleached hair. Dora must have brought him into the bedroom only moments before. He was grinning. She laced her hands behind his neck and drew him down for a deep kiss. I saw their tongues flashing. He wore a sweatshirt and jogging shorts. Dora was in a tight blue dress and knee-high boots.

**“DORA TOOK HIS
EVERY INCH
WITHOUT A
FLINCH. HIS
BALLS SLAPPED
AGAINST HER.”**

They ground against each other as they continued the kiss. She reached around and kneaded his firm-looking ass. He reciprocated by groping her tits. I imagined her nipples going stiff at his touch; then I didn't have to imagine as he worked her right breast out of the top of the dress, flicking that swollen nip with his thumb.

I felt that same rushing heat as when I'd proposed this venture to Dora. But now it was far more intense. A baking warmth coated my entire body. Sweat sprung out at my hairline. My cock stirred

frantically, and my come churned in my balls. I tore at my zipper, letting my rigid shaft spring out into the gentle evening air.

Dora's lover was tugging the blue dress off her shoulders. I wasn't surprised to find she'd worn no undergarments as the dress fell in a puddle around her ankles. She stepped out of it in her booted feet. I hoped she meant to keep those sexy boots on.

The man, meanwhile, had flung off his sweatshirt, and Dora peeled the jogging shorts down his toned legs. His cock bobbed before him. Dora, grinning, closed her hand around his shaft and started pumping him.

I did the same to myself, knowing how good it felt to be jerked off by her. I was careful not to let my breath fog the outside of the bedroom window. I shifted slightly as the couple moved toward the bed.

If I were peeking in some stranger's window, would I feel this same burning excitement? The answer was an emphatic no. This wasn't simple voyeurism. That was my wife in there! She had some random stud with her, and she was right now spreading her legs for him on our bed. She was cheating on me! How mortifying that was, how disgraceful. And how unbelievably arousing!

Part of me knew this was all a game, of course. But I could also buy into the scenario as reality. I was consumed with jealousy. I wanted to howl my shame into the night. Instead, I continued to jerk my cock and watch avidly through the crack in the curtains.

Dora's lover shouldered in between her legs. I could see her pussy glistening with wetness. He kissed his way up her inner thigh, until his head hovered over those sweet damp lips. When he put his mouth on Dora's pussy, her whole body bucked with pleasure. Her calves closed over his shoulders, the boot leather rubbing his flesh.

I bit down on a whimper. Heat still flowed over me. I was slick with perspiration. I undid my tie, unbuttoned my shirt. I let my pants drop to the ground. I pumped my cock steadily, with the night breeze sweeping over me.

The stranger ate her pussy like a starving man. Her hips lifted repeatedly off the bed. Her tits heaved as she cried out. I could hear her through the glass. She didn't know I was out here. She couldn't be sure, anyway. In a certain sense, she really was cheating on me! The thought blew a wave of molten delirium through my being. I cradled my balls with my other hand, squeezing gently as I kept jerking myself.

When he came up for air, his face was glossed with my wife's pussy juice. She caught his upper arms and pulled him further up the bed. When he saw what she wanted, he eagerly complied, straddling her tits and presenting his hard cock to her mouth.

I know what a fabulous cocksucker she is. The look of instant ecstasy on the man's face didn't surprise me. Dora closed her hands over the spheres of his ass, forcing the full length of him into her mouth. He tilted forward, catching the headboard, then started fucking her open mouth. Dora took his every inch without even a flinch. His balls slapped against her chin. The perfect ring of her lips stayed sealed around his girth as that spit-gleaming shaft plowed away at her face.

Despite my efforts to remain silent, a moan escaped me. The sound was both excited and piteous. My marriage was being violated right before my eyes, and here I was watching helplessly, unable to do anything but pull on my cock as some nameless male fucked my bride's mouth.

She pushed him off and onto his back before he could unload. Still in her boots, she climbed onto top of him. I watched her lower her pussy onto his staff. She whipped her head about as she took his dick, and his face clenched with bliss.

What a breathtaking sight she was, impaled upon her lover, leaving me out in the night like the cuckold I was. She started working herself eagerly up and down on him, bouncing her firm tits, which he reached up to maul with his hands.

As Harold had done in his den while we watched his wife being fucked, I found myself murmuring encouragements to my beautiful, cheating wife.

The man was thrusting up into her, using every bit of his strength to spear himself deep. Dora slammed down on him. She'd planted her heels on either side of him, and was bucking like a crazed cowgirl. Dark hair stuck in strands across her sweaty face. Her teeth were bared. They were reaching a frenzy in there.

Suddenly, she put her head back and yowled. From the look on the man's face, he had to be jetting his come into her.

At the same instant, I sprayed the grass with my seed. It was as fierce a climax as I could remember having, almost as good as the very first time Dora and I had made love. The internal heat burst across my flesh. My knees went weak, and I knelt. I tumbled sideways onto the yard grass. I lay there, catching my breath.

I felt an incredible fulfillment. This was a need I had never been aware of before. Dora's natural flirtatious nature wouldn't be a problem for us ever again. I would always know what she was doing, always be a part of it—and I would always love my cheating wife.

It was several minutes more before I could get myself back together. By the time I came around again to the front of the house, the stranger's car was gone and Dora was waiting to welcome me home in her warm and sticky embrace.

—L.F., via email





HOT DISH

WHEN ZOE INVITES THE NEIGHBORS FOR DINNER,
THEY BECOME THE MAIN COURSE.





“MY HUSBAND LOVES SHARING ME
WITH A HOT COUGAR!”

—ELAINA











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MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

PICTURE PERFECT

Max surprises his wife with an impromptu tryst with their favorite lover, and he can't wait to watch them in action.

Max and I generally spend Saturday doing chores. Buy this. Fix that. Shop for this. Put away that. Between our two busy careers, we can't avoid the dreaded weekend to-do list. Sure, I always indulge in fantasies about lolling around, taking things easy, drinking whipped-cream-topped concoctions and nibbling chocolate-covered cherries. But duty calls. Luckily for me, Max always makes things as exciting as they can be. Spending time with my husband, even when we're at the drugstore or buying groceries, is still enjoyable. He always finds the time to pull me into a corner for a kiss or fondle me by the tower of fruit. I look forward to Saturdays to see what he'll get up to. By the time we make it home, we're usually in quite a state.

So when Max said we had to add a lube job to our already lengthy weekend list, I was bummed. One more chore. Another item to suck the day away. And I was already hot and bothered by the petting in the car and the canoodling at the hardware store. I told myself that my libido would have to wait.

I didn't realize how wrong I was, or that sucking would definitely be involved, but in a far more pleasurable way.

This was our last chore. We'd finished everything else on the list. When we pulled into a residential neighborhood, I was surprised. "Isn't the oil change place downtown?" I asked.

"Quick stop first," Max assured me.

I was curious, but I didn't argue. When we parked in front of a small, well cared for house, I shot him a curious look. *What sort of stop?* I wondered. Then I changed that query to: *What type of lube job?*

Max led me up the front path to the door. He knocked, and when the man

inside opened up the door, I almost fell over. There stood James, Max's roommate from college. James wasn't simply Max's best friend, best man, best everything. He had been the first guy I'd fucked in front of Max. He was my best lay.

James had been gone for nearly a decade. A travel photographer and journalist, he'd sent us occasional postcards from far away places as well as snapshots of himself as he matured.

"I TILTED FORWARD AND CAPTURED HIS BOBBING DICK BETWEEN MY LIPS."

Yet seeing him right there, so close I could stroke my fingers along his cheek, was something else.

Was this real?

I stared at the handsome man in the doorway. He was wearing a red button-up shirt and indigo blue jeans. When I'd last seen him, ten years earlier, he'd been clean-shaven. Now, he sported a goatee the same deep brown as his short hair.

I couldn't find my voice at first. James cracked me a smile and gave Max a hug. A manly hug. Not at all what I was interested in. "How are you doing, Daisy?" he asked.

I tried to make my mouth work. "You

look..." Too many adjectives chased my thoughts. He looked edible. That's how he looked. Ten years hadn't messed with him at all. He was still brawny, brunet, and beautiful. I found myself surprisingly shy. Max urged me forward, James took a step backward, and then I found my words. Or, at least, I figured out how to make my mouth work.

"I missed you," I said as I dropped to my knees and put my hands on James's strong thighs. He looked down at me, and I caught the wry smile on his sculpted lips. I wondered if he was remembering times like this from long ago. Situations in which I was on my knees and he was feeding me his cock inch by studly inch while Max watched.

There was no need for any more words right then. We communicated with our bodies. Max shut the door behind us, then leaned against the wall and sighed. James unfastened his jeans and lowered them. I tilted forward and captured his bobbing dick between my lips. He tasted like he'd always tasted. The scent of his skin, the flavor, was exactly as I remembered. Like the end of summer—that warm baked scent that sometimes tricks you in the middle of the winter. An unexpected whiff and you're back—on a beach or on a boat—your mind making a left turn when it should go right.

Right now, I was doing exactly what I was supposed to do, sucking Max's best friend off in the late-morning light that was streaming through the diamond-shaped panes at the top of his door. I used my hands to cradle his balls, and I licked my tongue up and down his shaft before popping the head of his luscious dick between my lips once more.

The next happy sigh was from James. Not Max. I didn't turn my head, but I knew my husband was watching intently.

Seeing me fuck another man is his four-alarm fire. Seeing me fuck James takes him one level higher. Because James was the first one who realized what Max was into. The first person to not only put the concept into words, but into actions. Max had told me all about this when we first got serious. He'd told me the story of when they were roommates at the university, how they'd ended up in a loose relationship with the same woman. Nobody's heart was on the line. There was no way anyone would be hurt. But one day, Max came home to find James in bed with their mutual girlfriend, and instead of leaving, he stood there, watching.

That was all it took. A key that unlocked the most private aspect of their friendship. When Max and I decided to take our relationship to the next level, this was the one thing my man worried about. How would I feel about James? Not only as a friend of his, but as a potential bedmate. He needn't have worried. We're all miraculously wired the same way.

"I missed you, too," James said after several minutes had passed, and I didn't know which one of us he was addressing—and I didn't care. "Missed you both," he added, and I smiled around his cock, felt the saliva dripping as I tried to swallow a laugh.

I could have blown him for hours, could have taken my time licking up one side of his cock and down the other. My own body had already begun to respond. I could feel how wet I was growing inside my panties. Would I be able to get off when James did? If I sucked him to fruition, would that bring me to my own fierce orgasm? That had happened before. Bestowing pleasure on James while knowing how hard my husband was becoming had managed to flip my switch on more than one occasion.

But that wasn't what was going to happen today.

Max lifted me then, clearly wanting



LETTERS

➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

to see more, wanting us to move faster. Go faster. He said, "Bedroom," and James said, "Yes." I pulled my clothes off as I walked down the hall, first my gray hoodie, then my T-shirt, bra, shoes and jeans, instinctively finding the master bedroom at the end. It was neat, clean, not lived in much. Had James just moved in? The bed was bathed in white—comforter, pillows, sheets. There was a dresser in the corner, a chair by the closet, one lone lamp, white blinds. There was nothing on the walls. None of James' art. None of his pictures. Those would come, I guessed.

I'd come first, I also guessed.

On the bed, naked, I had a flash. The three of us that first time, so long ago. Max had short hair then, a buzz cut, so different from his lanky surfer locks now. James had been the adventurous one, with streaks of purple in his mane of black hair. We were older now, but were we wiser? When James pushed me back on the bed and started kissing my neck,

I thought, maybe not wiser, but definitely more experienced. He seemed deeply in tune to what my body desired, what my mind required. He kissed me sweetly at first, almost too softly, so that my hips raised off the bed, my back arched. Then he showed me that he knew exactly what he was doing by pinning my wrists to the mattress with his big hands and letting me feel precisely how hard he was, how hard I'd made him. He was still in his clothes, but I was entirely stripped.

"She's so beautiful, isn't she?" he commented to my husband.

Max didn't seem able to find his voice for a moment. I know he thinks I'm beautiful. He tells me often enough. But what would he say to his recently returned best friend? What would he say to James?

"Never more beautiful than when she's coming on your cock," Max said, taking my breath away, making James laugh long and low.

"I'd have to agree with that," James

said. "Nobody lights up the way Daisy does." He stroked my hair, kissed my lips, lingered as if enjoying his own flavor on my tongue. "Have there been others while I was gone?"

I had wondered whether this would come up. We had never promised exclusivity, and even if we had, ten years is a long time to wait. But none of our other lovers had come close to being to us what James was—what he is. Still, I didn't know how to explain all that.

Max was honest. "Yes," he said. "Here and there. When the desires grew too strong. When we couldn't hold off anymore, we had to go find someone, some nameless man who was interested in playing our way. We had to get the excitement out of our system."

"I can imagine," James said. "Daisy needs a lot, doesn't she? And you like to watch her take her pleasure."

Max and I met eyes then, and he nodded.

But none had been like this. Not one of them had been James.

"Come here," he said, motioning to Max. "You hold her hands."

That was our James—a man who had no problem fucking his best friend's wife, but a generous man, a gentleman. If he was going to reach his peak, so was Max. My husband joined us on the bed. I felt his hands replace James's. I looked up into Max's blue eyes. I was pinned to the mattress, close to the two most important men in my life. My body felt ignited from the inside out, as if any moment I might burst into flames.

My nipples were hard and erect. My breathing was coming in short, fast bursts. "Fuck me," I wanted to beg, wanted to scream, but not yet. Not yet.

"Tell me," James whispered as he moved his way down my body until he was poised over my aching split. "Tell me about the men."

I looked at him. He had never been more appealing then right at that moment, as he used his fingers to rub



"THE CLICK OF THE CAMERA BECAME A RHYTHM IN MY MIND. WE FUCKED TO THAT BEAT."

my clit, as he nipped lightly on my inner thighs. Nothing that had come before made sense right then. None of our other lovers mattered in the slightest.

"I can't..." I stammered as he made a ring with his lips around my clit and sucked. "I can't remember."

"Try."

I floundered. He was pulling me apart, opening me up, licking and sucking so forcefully that I felt the slippery sex juices spilling from me. My mind was in a haze, red-filled, lust-laden. I searched for words, for memories, but found none. I could only think of James...of what he was doing to me, of how close my climax was. If he kept touching me like that, first a soft silky lick, then a firm suck, I would come. It would be the first time I'd come with James for so long, but only a short time since I'd last fantasized about him. He lived and breathed in my X-rated dreams. And always, always, Max was there, watching, drinking us in with his wide, ravenous eyes.

But James wanted more. "I've thought about you so often," he said. "I've imagined the way you two have continued to play. Tell me a story. Let me know if any of my fantasies lives up to the truth."

Max squeezed my hands. Then he prompted me, saying, "The one we met at the club..." I shut my eyes. I thought of that night, one of my favorites to date that



didn't involve James. I'd been wearing a bright red dress; Max had matched his tie to my formfitting sheath. Our third had been dressed in a suit. He was in from the East Coast for two nights only. We met him at a club and spent both nights together, fucking every which way in his hotel suite. We'd watched the sun come up together. The three of us, naked, had let those rays of sunlight warm our sticky skin.

But he hadn't been James. Hadn't possessed the power, the connection that my husband's buddy and I shared. That the trio of us shared together. If you plugged us in, we could light up the night.

There was a sweetness to the fact that Max had my hands in his. This was what I loved best about fucking James—or being fucked by him. He was different from the other men. He was special. Because he always brought Max into the mix. Whether he had my husband film us, or he provided a set of binoculars so Max could watch us in a hotel room across the way. James was always thinking, always planning. Once he and I had

made a dirty movie, and we'd left the film for Max to find when he came home from work. What he didn't know was that we were recreating the film for him upstairs, so at some point, my moans were louder than those of my cinematic self on the screen. Max muted the TV, heard me cry out, and came to find us. To join us. With James as our third, things were always one step away from what they seemed.

Except for now, because now everything was normal—wasn't it? As normal as three people in bed together can be. I was naked. My boys were clothed. I was being held to the mattress by the love of my life while the lust of my life licked his way to my split. And then suddenly things shifted. I should have guessed, or at least presupposed. When James was in charge, I could never bank on a run-of-the-mill tryst.

He said, "Max, will you get my camera?"

I saw him motion toward the bag by the side of the bed. Wife-watching was about to take on a whole new meaning. Max hefted James's expensive camera. James explained how the device

LETTERS

➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

worked—and after that brief lesson, Max didn't need to be told a thing.

What had begun as a fuck that wouldn't need to be immortalized to be remembered was now going to be one that we could relive frame by frame any time we desired. James resumed his games of kissing and licking my pussy.

**“I CAME, CRYING
OUT JAMES’S
NAME AND THEN
MAX’S.”**

Max took the first picture. James flipped me over so that he could eat me from behind. Max took another picture. At first, I felt a little self-conscious, the way anyone would to be photographed in the nude. But soon I forgot what Max was doing and gave myself over to the pleasure.

While James paused to strip off his clothes, Max focused the lens on me. I knew he'd get James behind me—James taking off his T-shirt and his jeans. Every second of our union felt so deeply personal. I wanted to know what color his boxers were. I wanted to catch sight of the tattoo I knew rode low on his left hip. I'd been there when he'd gotten inked. I'd been the first woman to trace my fingers over the design when the tattoo had healed.

Once undressed, James took up his position on the mattress. He held my hips and let me feel the head of his cock

between my juicy lips. Yes, I'd had my initial welcome-home sip from his cock in the hall, but this was different. My body hummed. I sighed and writhed, pushing myself back on his rigid dick.

Max moved around the room, getting close to us and then backing away. The click of the camera became a rhythm in my mind. We fucked to that beat. James plundered me, and there was ten years in every thrust, ten years of times we'd missed out, on fantasies that had escaped us.

“Tell me about another one of your men,” he said, his voice raw and harsh.

“No,” I told him. “I'll tell you about my favorite.”

“Your favorite?” Did I catch a hint of worry in his tone?

He needn't have been.

James brought one hand under my body, and he started to stroke my clit in synch to the way he was fucking me. I could feel the pleasure building swiftly within me. I turned my head and caught sight of us, the three of us—the four of us if you counted the intruding lens of the camera—in the reflection of the window.

“You,” I said. “You, and Max, and me. This has always been my favorite.”

James rubbed my pussy harder, tugging on my swollen lips, flicking his thumb against my clit. His cock stroked in and out, faster and faster, managing to hit all the places inside me, the perfect places.

No fantasies—no realities—had ever managed to come close to this.

I came as Max clicked the camera. I came, crying out James's name and then Max's as my husband immortalized our fuck for all time. “Oh, James! Oh, Max! Oh, fuck!”

My most unforgettable lay?

I can flip through those pictures and relive it every single day.

But even better than that? I can call up James and invite him over. To see if we can manage to top the untoppable.

—D.W., Providence, Rhode Island



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LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

BREAKOUT YEAR

It wasn't like I didn't see 40 coming. But somehow when I reached my Big Four-Oh, everything seemed to change.

I was in fine physical shape, hitting the gym three times a week. My tits were still firm, my body toned. When I looked in the mirror, I still saw the woman I'd been when I was 25. But apparently the world wasn't seeing me that way anymore.

My husband, Rick, had had a buddy over recently, and they were watching a DVD. I overheard the friend say, "Hey, that actress looks like Sabrina." And Rick said, "Yeah, the young Sabrina."

He wasn't being mean, just saying it like it was fact. I didn't tell him I'd heard his comment, but it hurt all the same. I didn't mind being 40, but I'd started to notice that men weren't responding to me like they used to. I'd always been a flirt and enjoyed the attention I got, though I'd never cheated on Rick.

Now I was getting blank stares from guys I tried to be coquettish with. It was becoming demoralizing. Even Rick was

giving me less attention. We were the same age, but I didn't think his libido was waning. He just didn't find me as hot as before. Our sex life had somehow turned into a chore.

The final straw was when I was getting a coffee from a handsome 20-something barista with smoldering eyes. In the part of my mind reserved for fantasies, I wondered how it would feel to have this guy's hard cock inside me. I went into automatic flirtatious mode and made some double entendre that I figured would provoke a similarly risqué comment.

The smoldering eyes turned puzzled. He said, "I'm sorry, ma'am. I don't understand."

I almost lost it right there. Embarrassed as hell I walked down the street, coffee in hand. What the fuck had happened to me? Where were the many men who just a minute ago—it seemed like—had wanted to jump into bed with me? Before this last birthday, I had felt desired, special, like a goddess almost.

Now I felt like chopped liver. I had to do something about this.

First, I gave Rick every chance in the

world to respond to me like he used to. I paid him compliments, but got perfunctory replies at best. I wore sexy lingerie, but might as well have dressed in a flannel nightgown for all the action it got me from my husband. He wasn't cruel in any way. He just didn't really see me as a sexual creature anymore.

That made me reassess everything. I thought back to when men everywhere had wanted me. I remembered life before I'd married Rick, even. In college I had been a hot little number, with multiple lovers and plenty of others who would have loved a turn with me.

I tried to be brutally honest with my present 40-year-old self, as well. I looked at my taut naked body but could find no fault—which made me believe it was my attitude that had changed. I'd bought into cultural propaganda. On a subliminal level I was no longer projecting confidence and desirability. I had surrendered to my age without knowing it.

Well, I might be 40, I decided. But 40 would be a breakout year.

I decided I would go to a club. There was a local hotspot I'd always heard the younger people at the office mention. I made some excuse to Rick on a Saturday night and went by myself. I almost chickened out at the door, but I screwed up my courage and strode in.

Inside, the music pounded and bodies gyrated on the crowded dance floor. The bar was packed. Well, I'd come to flaunt myself, not get drunk, so I stepped boldly out onto the floor and threw down my best moves.

Lights whirled and colored shadows splashed across everyone. I felt the heat of the nearby bodies. Sweat sprang out on me as I undulated and writhed. I projected a deliberate confidence, not apologizing one whit for my age. Dancing felt good.

It was a free-for-all, and men and women danced with me and around me. Nobody was dismissive of me, which was



a huge relief. I felt like I belonged, like I was physically qualified to join in this jubilee. It awakened my erotic impulses. My flesh buzzed. My pussy tingled.

Suddenly, I found myself in close quarters with a wiry male who was matching my every move, very definitely dancing with me. His body was taut beneath a tight T-shirt and jeans. It was a minute before I realized with a shock that this was the barista with the smoldering eyes!

I grinned at him, and he pulled me against him. I felt the unmistakable swell of his erection.

"You want to go out to my car?" he asked, shouting above the music.

I was stunned. I hadn't planned to go that far with this self-esteem campaign, but I wanted this man. I nodded, and we hurried out to the parking lot. We got into the roomy backseat of his car, which had tinted windows. I felt like a college girl again.

We lay across the seat. I drew his face in for a long, deep tongue-tangling kiss. His body was firm against mine. I ran my hands over his sweat-damp T-shirt. He groped my ass through my skirt.

Our clothes were too hot and cumbersome. We wriggled out of them. Already the windows were steaming up. I could barely believe this was happening. I was lying naked with a studly 20-something guy. I reached down and took hold of his hard cock, which went some way to convincing me of the reality of the situation. He let out a groan and felt up my tits. My nipples twanged into stiff buds.

He moved down to eagerly suck on those mounds. Pleasure raced through me. I raked my fingers through his thick dark hair. He nibbled on my nipples as wetness flowed from my pussy.

When he started kissing his way farther down my body, I shifted around to give him the best access. I trembled with anticipation, distantly trying to remember the last time Rick had gone



"I YELPED, FEELING CARNAL JOY RADIATE OUTWARD FROM THE CONTACT OF HIS LIPS."

down on me—then all thoughts of my husband vanished as this hot young male hunkered between my open thighs and put his mouth on my needy pussy.

I yelped with pleasure, feeling carnal joy radiate outward from the contact of his lips on my cleft. I watched as his tongue daubed all over my folds, before finally sliding up into me. His dark eyes looked up and met mine as his tongue cradled my pulsing clit. Those eyes blazed with excitement.

He sucked hard on my pussy, his lips against mine, until the pleasure seized me at my core and bliss spilled out over me. I came helplessly into his mouth, which he kept glued to me, tongue still working as he swallowed my juices.

I sat up, then pushed him onto his back and got down between his toned thighs. Fair was fair, and I desperately wanted a taste of his young cock.

The steaminess of the car's interior coaxed fresh sweat from both of us. His lean limber body gleamed. I gently scooped up his shaven balls and rolled

them on my fingers. His cock was as hard as mahogany, with a swollen purplish cockhead. I lowered my mouth toward it.

He gasped as I closed my lips around him. I worked his plump crown with my tongue, savoring his flavor. Then I dropped my mouth inch by inch down his throbbing shaft. I traced his veins with my tongue tip until finally he was sliding into my throat. I held him there while his balls simmered in my soft grasp.

My mouth lifted and fell on him. He squirmed on the seat. As he'd done with me, I looked up at his face while I was sucking him. His handsome features were torn into an expression of almost unbearable pleasure. I felt a surge of pride at this evidence that my cock-sucking skills could still impress the younger generation.

I pulled off of him before he could unload into my mouth. Much as I would have liked to drink that young barista's cream, I wanted to finalize this episode in classic fashion. I hadn't come out tonight specifically to have sex with a stranger. I'd mostly wanted to reaffirm myself as a worthy sexual being. But I wasn't leaving this car until I'd had this cock deep in my pussy.

We shifted positions once again. I lay back and pulled him on top of me. His spit-wet cock plunged straight into my dripping pussy. He buried himself balls-deep in me, and my reaction was immediate. Furious ripples of joy crossed and re-crossed my body. My pussy clenched hard on his staff as I let out a cry.

He grinned. Then he planted his knees

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on the cushions and started stroking into me. His slim, muscled body flexed like a well-oiled machine. His cock speared me with every downward lunge. I lifted my legs—glad for my yoga classes—and wrapped them tightly around his waist.

He fucked me harder, his speed increasing. He slammed into me, and every fleshy impact took me further into ecstasy. Somehow I was still coming from his first intrusion, and the pleasure was building and building, becoming a state of constant sexual euphoria.

I clutched at him desperately, not wanting the moment to end. The sharp scent of sex filled the car, an intoxicating aroma. I bucked and writhed as the rapture refused to let me go. It was becoming overwhelming, overloading my carnal circuits. His cock hammered until finally he let out a cry of his own, a twisted howl of triumph.

His jizz shot deep inside me, the liquid warmth meeting with my own juices. He shuddered through his climax, and I felt every spurt. Everything washed over with a white haze of satisfaction.

Slowly, we let each other go. My body hummed with deep contentment. My spirit was just as gratified. I had renewed

“I PULLED HIM ON TOP OF ME. HIS SPIT-WET COCK PLUNGED STRAIGHT INTO MY PUSSY.”

myself tonight. Forty no longer daunted me. I was a woman deserving of every iota of attention and appreciation.

The young man blinked at me dazedly. Some impulse made me say, “You probably don’t remember me, from your coffee place?”

He grinned, scratching his bare sweaty chest. “Sure I do. You made that saucy joke. I panicked. I couldn’t believe a woman as hot and beautiful as you would be coming on to me. I’m glad I got a second chance with you.”

I laughed, a little crazily. I was glad, too.

—S.M., Beaverton, Oregon

■ TO SIR, WITH LUST

My favorite movie to watch when my husband is away on business and I’m all alone is *Nymphomania*. It’s a long movie but has

some incredibly hot sex, some of it not simulated. I have a glass of wine and play with my pussy while I watch it. My absolutely favorite scene, which I’ve watched many times, is when the lead character visits a professional dominant. Now, this seems to be incredibly unrealistic; I doubt there are any guys out there who do that for a living, but it makes me very hot to think so.

You see, I am a submissive. I discovered this about a year ago. The problem is I’ve been married five years, and my husband, whom I love with all my heart, just isn’t into it. I’ve read all of the Fifty Shades trilogy and got him to read it, too, but he just thought they were funny and filled with “bad writing.” I’ve asked him to blindfold me, to spank me, and to tie me up, but when he did I could tell he was just going through the motions and was not interested. When we have vanilla sex, it’s great, but I was missing something. I wanted to be used, to be owned. I wanted to be in a master/slave relationship, but that was not going to happen with my sweet husband, who couldn’t hurt a fly.

I figured I would just have to live with my submissiveness as a fantasy, but then things changed in a hurry. The company I worked for hired a new executive, and I would be working closely with him. Trevor’s from England. He’s devastatingly handsome—tall and thin, with the grace of an athlete, and a dark complexion, with eyes to match. When he looks at me, he appears to see into my soul.

We got to know each other well. We’d share lunches of Chinese food and deli sandwiches in his office. He was single, and knew right away that I was married,

and never made anything approaching an inappropriate move.

One night we were at a company function and were having drinks by the bar. Alcohol had loosened both of us up. I asked why he wasn't seeing anyone, and he answered that he was very picky, and it had to be the right kind of girl.

"Oh, and what kind would that be?" I asked teasingly.

He smiled bashfully. "I don't think we know each other well enough for me to tell you that." Then he paused, as if making a fitful decision. "But, if I don't miss my guess, you may understand exactly what kind."

I looked into his eyes, and I felt naked. Had he figured out my secret fantasy? How could that be? Was he a dominant man, a man who could deliver what I was lacking in my sex life? The moment was electrically charged.

The next day at work, before I left for the day, he called me into his office. "Penny, I must apologize to you," he began. "Before you came in this morning I snooped through your desk." I froze. "I found this," he said, tossing a copy of the last of the *Fifty Shades* books on his desk.

"That's a popular book," I said defensively.

"That's true. And they're awful." He pulled out another book, called *The Story of O*. Have you ever read this?"

I admitted I hadn't. "Read it," he said. "If what I'm guessing about you is true, you'll enjoy it. And if you do, I think we can help each other out."

I read the book in one weekend and must have climaxed several times while doing so. My poor little clit was worn out. I went back to work on Monday and immediately went into his office, closing the door behind me. "How did you know?" I asked him.

"I've grown accustomed to the look and behavior of subs. I figured you for one pretty much from the first day we met, but I didn't want to spook you.

I know you're married, and I'm not a homewrecker."

"I want to do this," I said.

Trevor sat back in his seat, a big smile on his face. "Is the door locked?"

I locked the door with trembling hands.

"Slowly take off your clothing. Every stitch."

I did so, my hands still shaking. When I was down to my underwear, barefoot and quivering, I stopped for a second.

"I said every stitch," he repeated, in a dark, demanding voice.

I removed my bra and shimmied out of my panties. He stood and appraised me as if I were livestock. It made my pussy wet.

"Bend over," he said, standing behind me. I did so. "Now spread your ass cheeks." I hesitated a second. He smacked my ass hard, and it caught me completely unprepared. I gasped and then did exactly as he had asked. I spread my cheeks, and he got on his knees and pressed his face against my wet cunt.

"You smell delicious. When can you get away? I want you."

"To-tonight," I stammered. I could make up an excuse for my husband.

"Excellent. Be at my place at eight o'clock. Sharp."

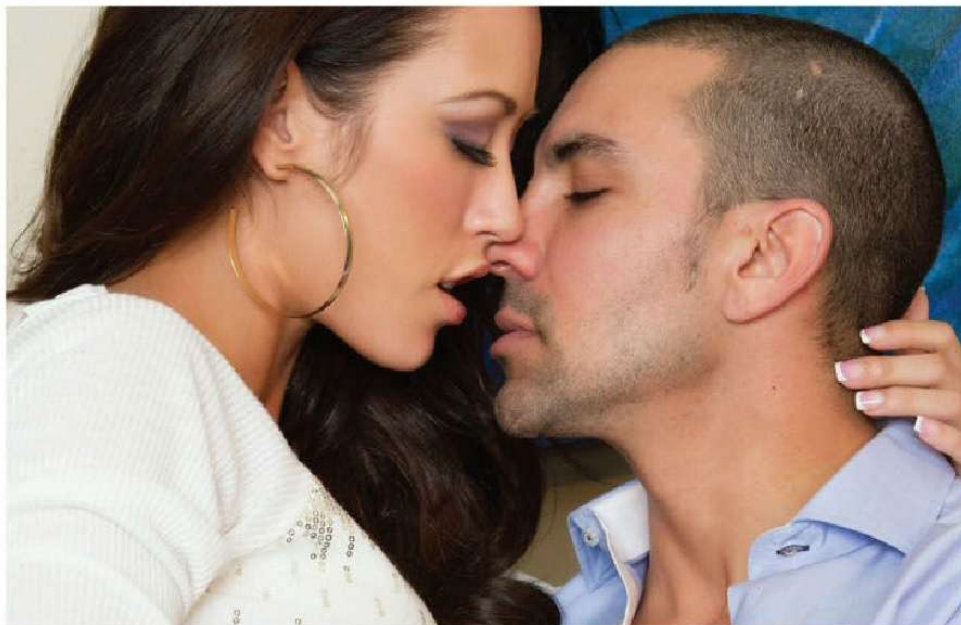
Before I left for home my phone buzzed with a text. Trevor told me to wear no bra or underwear. How I was going to get out of the house like that I had no idea, but there was no question I was going to do as he commanded.

I picked out a dress with a plunging neckline and slits up the sides of my thighs. I wore the highest heels I owned. I told my husband I was going out for drinks with the girls and he grunted acquiescence; there was a football game on that night.

I arrived at Trevor's house and stood at the door, knees knocking. My pussy was already moist; my nipples were hard. I stood there for quite a while before the door opened. He looked so handsome and dashing, wearing only a T-shirt and jeans.

"Good evening, Penny," he said in that awesome English accent. "You may come in."

He led me to the living room. He gave



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me a glass of wine and told me the ground rules. "You will address me as 'Sir,' or 'Sir Trevor.' Your body is mine to use as I please. You will not come without my permission. Of course, you'll have your limits, especially tonight as this is your first time. If there comes a moment when you want to stop, you will use your safeword. Think of a word you hardly ever say."

The first word that popped into my head was "rhubarb."

He laughed. "That will do fine. Shall we go to the bedroom?"

Trevor's boudoir, as it were, was dark and masculine. He had black sheets, black curtains, and a black comforter. The walls were painted burnt umber. He lit several candles and then turned out the electric lights. The effect was as spooky as it was sexy.

Then he took one of his ties, a Hermes I believe, black with gray stripes, and gently tied it around my head, covering my eyes. The already dark room was now pitch-black. "The first step in being a submissive is letting go," he said softly.

"And we start with sight."

I stood in the center of the room. I could see nothing, and hear nothing as well, because Trevor moved like a ninja. Then he slipped my dress off. It fell to my feet. I instinctively stepped out of it. I was naked except for my heels, which I tottered on.

I felt Trevor's touch all over my body. It seemed like he was an octopus, he had so many hands. First, they were on the back of my neck, then behind my knees,

**"HE MADE
CIRCLES AROUND
MY CLIT WITH HIS
TONGUE, AND
THEN BEGAN TO
LAP AT MY SEX."**

then my stomach, and finally my tits. He fingered the nipples of each breast, and squeezed just hard enough to make me flinch.

Then he took me by the hand and led me to the bed. He told me to lie on my back and spread my arms. I did so, and he put cuffs on my wrists. They were comfortable; later I would learn they were velvet-lined. He attached them to the bedposts, so my arms were spread out as wide as they could go. "The next step," he said, "is to surrender the ability to use your hands. You will want to use them, but you will not be able to." Gosh, his voice coming out of the dark like that gave me chills.

Trevor slipped off my heels and began kissing my feet and sucking my toes, which made me squirm. He kissed his way up my legs, and just when he was getting close to my heated pussy he disappeared. I couldn't tell where he was. Then he was back again, gripping my hair in his hand. I felt something pressing against my lips. It was his cock. I licked the head like an ice-cream cone, which made him groan. Then I slid my lips down the shaft, which was considerable, and began sucking.

He fucked my mouth gently, as it was hard to move my head. After a while he directed me to lick his balls, and he removed his cock from my mouth and replaced it with his sac. I licked and sucked him like a sex-crazed slut. He tasted so good.

Then he was gone again. I waited there in the dark, bound to the bed. Eventually, I felt the mattress dip as he returned to nibble and suck on my breasts. He was right; I wanted to put my hands on his head and pull him to me, but all I could do was tug on my restraints. This time he kissed down my breastbone and made little love bites on my stomach. I was bucking against him, delirious with lust.

He waited until I was ready to scream before he brought his tongue to my pussy. I let out a yelp and surrendered



to the brilliant action of his tongue and lips. He made circles around my clit with his tongue, and then began to lap at my sopping sex as if he were dying of thirst.

I was about to come, and then remembered his instruction. I didn't know if I could speak or not, but I risked it: "Please, Sir Trevor, may I come?"

He stopped. "Very good, Penny. You remembered the rules. But I'm not quite done exploring your pussy yet." He went back down on me, and this time added a finger, sliding it deep inside me. I was ready to jump out of my skin. I heard him chuckle, and he withdrew. He did this two more times, and then finally he said I could come before returning his mouth to my pussy. When I climaxed, lights exploded in my head. I was afraid I'd knock his teeth out from the way I jammed my cunt against his mouth.

Again, he retreated into the dark. I lay there, panting and sweaty, my cunt oozing. I heard him in his bathroom, washing up. I didn't know what would come next.

When he returned he unfastened the cuffs from the bedposts but kept them on my wrists. He instructed me to roll over. He reaffixed the cuffs so that my hands were bound together behind my back. He positioned me with my face against a pillow and my ass in the air. In the next instant I nearly jumped off the bed, as he brought some kind of object down on my ass.

I cried out in pain, but it was a delicious pain. This is what I wanted—to be disciplined, punished. Sir Trevor crisscrossed my ass with his implement of choice—a belt I figured. I cried out with abandon, but I didn't want him to stop.

In an instant, he was gone again. When he came back, I felt his manhood ease into my clutching cunt. Finally, this beautiful man was going to fuck me! After he slowly filled me with cock, he started hammering into me. I bit down on the pillow. I was afraid I was going to climax



again, but I held off, wanting him to reach his peak.

After several minutes of exquisite pounding, Sir Trevor moaned and I felt his cream splash inside me. Oh, how good it felt! He stayed still quite a while, allowing his cock to soften inside me. Then he left again. I heard him take a shower. I didn't budge from my position, though my situation wouldn't allow me much movement anyway.

He came back into the room and removed my cuffs and the blindfold. He was still naked, and I drank in his heavenly body. A peek in the mirror showed me that my ass was covered with streaks of red. I was going to have to avoid my husband seeing them until they faded.

"You may put on your dress and leave," he said. I was a little disappointed; I was hoping for some cuddle time, but of course we were not going to have the kind of relationship.

But then he queried hopefully, "Next week, same time?"

As I slipped into my dress—my pussy full of his come and my ass crimson from his blows—I said with a small smile, "Eight o'clock sharp, Sir."

—P.V., Seattle, Washington

GIRLS' NIGHT

My girlfriend and I go out for dinner, drinks and dancing once a month. Ladies' night, if you will. Gina and I met in our early 20s, when we were club kids in the city, working bottle service at the hottest clubs and partying with the rich and famous. Now,

we're both buttoned-up professionals, but on our date nights, we relive our "glory days" and party like it's 1999—or at least 2009.

Since our wild-and-crazy days tapered off, I got married and settled down, while Gina's gone from guy to guy, never finding "The One." A few months ago, while we were at our favorite bar, we started talking about how we were both sexually frustrated. Gina hadn't dated anyone in six months and was going through a dry spell; my husband was traveling so much for his job that we'd had very little sex in recent weeks, and when we did, it was boring and bland. We started talking about the "good old days" when we would go out and pick up a new guy every weekend, sometimes meeting a guy on Friday night and staying with him until Sunday evening before heading home and never seeing the guy again.

"Sex was so much more exciting back then," I grumbled as we shared our second bottle of wine. Then I went on and on about how boring things had gotten with Jason and how much I hated that our jobs kept us so busy and stressed that we didn't have the time or energy to have the kind of sex I know we were both craving.

"At least you have someone to fuck," Gina retorted. "Ever since I gave up one-night stands, I haven't gotten laid once. Can you even begin to comprehend how much I miss sex?"

I had to admit that Gina had it much worse, and I promised we'd find her a guy soon enough, someone good enough to be more than a one-night stand. And she assured me that once Jason finished his latest project at work,

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he'd be home for a while and we'd be able to have hot, passionate sex again.

Then, our commiserating out of the way, we decided it was time to hit the club and "shake our groove things."

My favorite DJ was spinning at the club that night, and Gina and I were already nice and tipsy, so between the music and the wine, we were more than ready to dance ourselves silly and not give a damn about what anyone thought.

As the night wore on, though, the music went from fun and danceable to decidedly sexy. Gina and I started dancing closer and grinding on each other, joking around like when we were younger, but eventually, the jokey element seemed to die and we were staring deeply into each other's eyes. Then, the next thing I knew, we were kissing.

Gina and I had kissed plenty when we were younger, usually when we were sloppy drunk and trying to make some

guy jealous, but this kiss was different. There had always been an attraction between us, some sort of feminine desire, but we'd never acted on it before. Now, though, with both of us so frustrated by our sex lives, it made sense that we would turn to each other.

I don't know who kissed who first, but when we finally broke our lip-lock to suck down some air, Gina was the one who suggested we "get out of here," and I readily agreed, taking her hand in mine and following her as she wended her way through the club and out onto the sidewalk. With my free hand, I pulled my phone out of my purse and used my ride-share app to order a car to pick us up and take us back to Gina's place.

It took two minutes for our ride to arrive, and we stood silently on the corner, holding hands and staring at each other while we waited. Even though we were quiet, I could tell from

her expression that she wasn't having second thoughts—and neither was I. I was just anxious to get back to her apartment for what would happen next.

We had to release our hold on each other to get into the car, but as soon as we'd sat down, I reached out and took her hand in mine again, and once the car started to move, she leaned over and kissed me. This kiss was softer and sweeter than the one we'd shared on the dance floor, but it was also much more passionate. There was something in the way she kissed me that made me feel warm in my chest, that feeling you get when you first kiss someone you've been flirting with and hoping would kiss you. I hadn't felt anything that good in weeks with Jason, maybe longer. Now, with Gina, though, I felt it again.

When we broke apart this time, we held eye contact for a heartbeat, but I know I felt a little bashful. Gina's eyes darted down and back up several times, giving away how nervous she felt, too. No matter what had gone on between us before, this was new territory, and we clearly felt how big this moment was for us.

By the time we got to Gina's apartment, however, we had gotten through whatever anxieties we had and were back to feeling hot and passionate and very, very ready to take things to the next level. It was on.

Inside, we went straight to her bed, dropping our coats and bags and kicking off our shoes like we would if we were just stumbling in from a night out, but this time there was more meaning behind our actions.

I stopped in front of her bed and waited for her to make the next move, and she hesitated for only a second before she kissed me again and pushed me onto the mattress. She straddled my lap and moved to kiss me once more, and I eagerly reciprocated, my hands going under her blouse to explore her body as we made out.

Her skin was soft under my fingertips,





and I loved exploring the curves of her body. I let my hands trail over her breasts and ribs, then slipped my hands around her back and stroked up and down her spine, making her moan into my mouth.

While I explored her body, she explored mine, her hands sensually skimming across my stomach and up over my shoulders and to my neck. When she moved to pull up my shirt, I broke our kiss and lifted my arms, letting her remove it, and then pulled her top off as well. She wasn't wearing a bra, her small breasts not needing the extra support, and I sighed as they came into view. Her pink nipples were hard and her breasts stood up like perky peaches. Each one was a perfect handful, and I cupped them in my palms, weighing them in my hands, before I leaned forward and took one rosy nipple into my mouth and sucked.

She moaned as my tongue flicked across her nub, and the sound of her pleasure sent a jolt of excitement through me. I felt my pussy dampen, and I realized that my hips were bucking lazily against her as I worshipped her breasts.

Gina noticed my arousal, too, and she pushed my head away from her chest to kiss me before she eased me down on my back. She climbed off my lap and worked at freeing me from my pants and thong, and as soon as she had my bare pussy in front of her, she leaned in and slowly licked me from back to front, tracing her tongue along the full length of my sex.

I shuddered as she lapped at me. I marveled that even though we'd never been with each other, or any other women, we'd taken to this experience as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And I suppose it was, because of how close we'd always been. But those thoughts were pushed from my mind as Gina ran the tip of her tongue over my clit, eliciting spasms of extreme pleasure. God, it felt good!

Gina was a total natural when it came to cunnilingus, and the way she sucked

and licked me had me quaking right from the start. She alternated between slow licks along my slit and flicks of her tongue against my clit, with occasional thrusts of her tongue and fingers into my pussy. She mixed up her moves, keeping me on edge and never knowing what she was going to do next. And when I came, it was explosive. I swear I saw fireworks.

I wanted to lay back and savor the incredible feelings she'd given me, but even more I wanted to return some of the bliss I'd experienced. I asked Gina to

“GINA WAS A NATURAL. THE WAY SHE LICKED ME HAD ME QUAKING RIGHT FROM THE START.”

remove her remaining clothes. She did as I asked immediately, and then I pulled her up and maneuvered her so that she was kneeling with her pussy right over my face. She started to protest, I guess thinking I wasn't really interested in going down on her. “You don't have to...” she started to say, but I cut her off by planting my mouth on her dripping sex and slurping up the juices that had gathered at her entrance.

While my tongue traveled up and down her slit, my hands grabbed her ass cheeks and squeezed them rhythmically. I loved how her curvy butt felt in my hands, but even more, I loved having her taste in my mouth. I'd never eaten pussy before, but if I'd known women tasted as

good as Gina, I'd definitely have started sooner. I loved the tang of her juices, and the way her smoothly waxed sex felt under my tongue, and I loved the ecstatic moans I heard emanating from her.

When she started to rock back and forth on my face, grinding her pussy into my mouth and nose, I went crazy. I dropped one hand from her ass so I could frig my clit while I sucked her off. I pressed firmly against her clit and started stimulating her button with the flat of my tongue, and the act drove her wild. She was shouting out her joy before I knew what was happening, and I felt a second small climax rock my body, as well.

After we'd both reached orgasm, we crawled further into the bed so we could lie next to each other. My face was smeared with Gina's juices, and her short hair was messed up from being squeezed between my thighs, but we both smiled when we looked at each other.

We spent the rest of the night—the rest of the weekend, really—exploring one another's bodies and learning what got the other off. By the time I went home on Sunday evening, we were both completely spent, but also sexually sated like never before.

Gina met a new guy a week later, and Jason finally finished his project, so we're both feeling more fulfilled lately, but that hasn't put an end to our sexual relationship. Now, Gina and I have a new monthly ritual: drinks, dancing—and sex.

—A.D., Hempstead, New York

Does your wife like to roam? Did you marry her because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell Penthouse all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

■ CREAMPIE CUISINE

Some guys don't like creampiees. But me? They're the best fucking dessert I can have. And I'm not talking about, like, Boston cream pie, you know? I'm talking about the best type of creampie, the kind you eat from between your wife's thighs after she's been fucked full of come by one of her lovers.

Miranda has always been what I might call a "loose woman." She's had sex with more men than I can count, and probably more men than she even remembers at this point. And I've known about each and every one.

It all started when we were 18. We'd been high-school sweethearts and got married almost immediately after graduation, so we were each other's firsts. But after we started college and saw all our friends hooking up and having fun fucking around with new people every week, we started to feel like we'd made a mistake by tying ourselves down so young. Fortunately, instead of breaking up and ruining a good thing, we talked and decided that we should open our marriage. We agreed that we were allowed one fling for each credit we were taking, giving Miranda 15 that semester and me 17.

I had my fun and burned through my allotted lovers pretty quickly, but Miranda was more picky about who she hooked up with and took longer to get through her extramarital sex allowance. At first, I was jealous, knowing that she was out getting laid when I wasn't, but every time she came home after one of her dates, she was wildly horny, and I always got turned on hearing about what she'd done.

Eventually, after one of her hookups, she came home still stinking of her latest partner, and I got so turned on that I grabbed her and fucked her before I



could even get her clothes off. We were both surprised by the heat between us in that moment, so the next time she screwed someone new, she came home with his come still glossing her skin and dripping out of her pussy. I was in a sexual frenzy. I went to town licking the dude's cream of her body and fucking out the sticky remnants in her snatch. When that had happened a few times in a row, we realized we'd hit upon something special.

Now, we don't have any "affair allowances" in place, but we still have our fun. And we've added a new twist, too: Sometimes, Miranda fucks her lovers in front of me and I get to enjoy a fresh creampie.

On Friday night, for example, Miranda brought home a guy she'd picked up on girls' night with her friends. She'd texted me from the bar to ask if I was up for a little fun, and when I'd replied in the affirmative, she told me to get ready for a treat, because she was bringing home a young stud.

When she got home, she had a hot guy in his mid-20s with her. He was definitely my wife's type, tall and lean and blond, and there was a very obvious bulge in his skinny jeans that I knew had grabbed my wife's attention. I didn't

bother saying hello, because it didn't matter if he and I talked. He was there for one reason and one reason only, and I didn't need to know him. What I needed to know was how fast he could give me what I wanted.

Miranda was obviously feeling the same way, because she didn't waste any time before stripping off her partner's clothes and pushing him onto the bed, next to where I was sitting. He looked over at me, a little confused, but when my wife undressed and climbed over him, he instantly forgot about me and focused totally on her.

Perched on top of her new friend, she leaned over to kiss him as she grabbed his hard cock and guided it inside her pussy. Normally, Miranda won't fuck without engaging in some foreplay first, and I suspected that the two of them had already had some fun at the bar, most likely in one of the bathrooms—one of my wife's favorite "secret" hookup spots. I made a mental note to ask her to tell me about it later.

As I watched, she started riding him hard, stroking herself up and down, and fucking him with all she had. The guy got in on the action, too, his hips thrusting up to get even deeper into her.

Watching my wife with other men

“I DOVE IN AND SUCKED THE STRANGER’S LOAD OUT OF HER PUSSY.”

doesn’t always turn me on, but knowing how hard Miranda was working to get her date off for my enjoyment made the situation more arousing. My cock got aching hard, and I eventually pulled my dick out of my boxers and started to slowly stroke my shaft.

Miranda kept fucking her partner, her B-cup tits jiggling erotically as she rode him. Now and then, her eyes darted over to see how I was doing, and when she realized I was touching myself, she started bouncing with more intensity, spurred on by my actions.

When she sensed he was about to come, she hopped off the guy’s cock and lay down on the other side of the bed before pulling him on top of her. He was back inside her in a second, and now that he had the freedom to move, he started rocketing in and out, fucking my wife like there was no tomorrow.

In this new position, it didn’t take him long to get off, and my wife wrapped herself around him to hold him tight and keep him inside her so he’d fill her with his seed.

Miranda drained every drop from him and then released him. She gave him enough time to calm down and catch his breath, and then she thanked him for a good time and told him he could show himself out. Then, before the guy had his jeans back on, she grabbed me and shoved my head down toward her pussy.

I dove in without embarrassment and sucked the stranger’s load out of her pussy. His cream was still warm, and the smell of fresh semen combined with my wife’s naturally delicious scent drove me crazy. Their combined sweat and juices had glossed her thighs and now started to soak my beard and cheeks. I was in heaven.

I pushed my tongue deep into her pussy, forcing more of his load out of her, and I swallowed the gooey fluid greedily before thrusting my tongue back into her to get more of his semen. Miranda, meanwhile, moaned loudly, her fingers tangling in my hair.

Just as she’d clutched her date between her thighs, she used her hands and legs to keep me in place so that I wouldn’t pull away before I’d cleaned her out—not that I would even consider stopping before I’d sucked down every drop of sex juice, hers and his.

I ate my wife’s pussy until I brought her to climax, and then got on top of her to fuck her myself. Her pussy was extra-slick from all the semen and saliva, and I slid in quickly. I was rock-hard and already

on the verge of climax, so once I started fucking her, it was only a matter of time before I filled her anew with my own hot load.

I pounded her over and over, going at it until I unleashed my semen inside her clenching pussy. I collapsed on top of her and kissed her deeply, letting her taste her lover’s seed on my lips as my own filled her cunt.

When I rolled off her and back to my side of the bed, we both saw her date standing in the doorway, half dressed, watching us. His dick was hard and sticking out of the fly of his jeans, which he still hadn’t zipped up. He looked aroused and dumbfounded. No one said anything for a long minute, and then he broke the silence. “Damn,” he said, “that was hot! You are one wild woman!” He then glanced over at me and said, “Dude, if you ever need help with her, let me know.” He fumbled around for his wallet and dug out a business card, which he dropped on the dresser by the door. Then, finally, he left, not even bothering to say good-bye.

Miranda and I were so turned on that



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we went at it one more time. We got into a 69 to suck each other back to full arousal, and then my wife seated herself in my lap and fucked me senseless until I came once more.

The next morning, it felt like everything from the night before had been a fever dream, but after I showered, I went to my dresser to get a fresh pair of boxers and found the guy's card sitting there. I smiled at the sight, picking it up and bringing it over to the bed to show Miranda. She giggled, saying, "I can't believe he did that!" Then she asked, "Should we call him?" I didn't hesitate even a second before saying we should.

That night, not even 24 hours after her first date with Liam, he was back again for round two. Now that he knew what was up, he was even more enthusiastic about bedding my bride, and I got not one but two gooey creampie from him the second time around—one at night and another before breakfast the next morning.

After 25 years of marriage, other couples are probably bored in bed, but thanks to a little help from our friends, Miranda and I keep things interesting. I can't wait to see what sort of surprise she brings home for me next!

—S.L., Dearborn, Michigan

■ SALTY DOG

I wanted Becky—and I wanted my husband to watch me with her.

I wanted to go cunt to cunt with her so badly I was wearing out the batteries in my dildo while fantasizing about her. She was this gorgeous red-headed woman, with deep, green eyes and a whip-crack taut body. She oozed casual sexuality mixed with unconscious innocence that drove me crazy.

What was the problem? After all, she played the field and I was a good-looking female, if I do say so myself. Becky was no stranger to women, either. I knew at

least three other girls who'd gone home with her. So why was I left out in the cold?

Because of my filthy fucking mouth. At least according to Becky.

"I had a strict upbringing. Nasty language makes me uncomfortable. Sorry, Priscilla." She told me this one night at the club, giving me a longing look with those green eyes.

Well, fuck, I thought. I couldn't help my upbringing either, where swearing was a natural way of communicating. Even when I deliberately tried to curb it, colorful words spilled out of my mouth.

The club, from where I knew Becky, was a wild nightclub/sex club. It had a big open area, with a dance floor and bar, and lots of side niches where people paired off. I'd had more than my share of fun there with my husband lingering in the shadows to observe. Cock or pussy, it didn't make much difference.

But I was stuck on was Becky—and I was resigning myself to never having her.

I saw her there at the club again, shaking that sweet ass on the dance floor, with her red hair bouncing and her

green eyes alight. I sat at the bar, pouting and pussy-struck while my husband whispered encouragements. I knew if I went to her, however, I'd end up saying the wrong thing, spouting salty sailor talk.

Still, I felt a strange mix of envy and hope when Kevin, a club regular, started dancing with her. I'd fucked Kevin a month ago, in one of the alcoves. If he and Becky fucked here, I could watch. Would she be into that?

They left the dance floor together, and I hopped off my stool. I guessed Kevin had used nice language. If I couldn't enjoy that pussy myself, I might at least get to see it!

My husband told me to go for it. I trailed them to a quiet nook. Becky and Kevin lay down on a big padded couch and started kissing and groping. My eyes got big and my pussy turned wet as I stared from several yards away. It wasn't considered rude to watch another couple here. It was a sex club, after all.

The two of them got seriously into it, and the clothes started to fly. I'd already seen Kevin naked and wasn't interested. But when Becky dropped her last stitch,



revealing that tight beautiful body, I could've wept with lust.

They proceeded to fuck. And that was when I recalled how quick on the trigger Kevin was. Becky found out, too, after about two minutes. Kevin, on top, went at her like a rabbit until his body stiffened and he cried out. As he slipped out and backed away, collecting his clothes, I saw the stunned and disappointed look on Becky's face.

Now or never, I thought, hoping that my husband was nearby. A quick glance over my shoulder confirmed that he was, and a burst of erotic energy propelled me forward.

I stepped up to the niche and clasped my hands demurely. I said in a very proper tone of voice, "Pardon me, miss. But that gentleman appears to have left you in a state of...discontent. Might I humbly assist you?" I batted my eyes in mock innocence.

Becky gawked up at me, her legs still spread, her luscious pussy dripping with Kevin's hastily deposited load. Her being shocked by rude language obviously didn't extend to any prudery about sex.

A smile tugged at her mouth. In a similar tone she said, "Why, yes, young lady. If you would be so kind as to tidy me up. I'm afraid I am in a frightful condition at the moment."

With a prickling anticipation I came forward and knelt by the couch. Distantly I heard the dance music, but it meant nothing. At long last I was going to get my taste of her—and my husband was going to watch!

I inhaled the aroma of Kevin's spunk and Becky's pussy juice. It was a dizzying fragrance. Then with just the tip of my tongue, I traced her silky folds. Salt stung my tongue, but Becky's flavor was there, too, strong and savory. She squirmed on the couch, her ass flexing as she wriggled.

Finally, I delved my tongue inside her. I'd be lying if I said that Kevin's cream didn't add an extra thrill to the



"I INHALED THE AROMA OF KEVIN'S SPUNK AND BECKY'S PUSSY JUICE."

act. I lapped up strings of milky juice, swallowing and letting his goo warm me inside. He'd had her first tonight, but I was the one who was going to deliver her a much-needed orgasm.

She was writhing against my mouth now, making soft mewling sounds. I smeared my lips over her. I stabbed my tongue deep inside, getting the last tastes of Kevin's semen. Becky's swollen clitoris twitched as I laved it, even going so far as to give the love bud a gentle nibble or two.

Her hips moved. She bucked. She mashed her pussy hard against my face. As she let out a piercing cry, her juices flowed fully. I kept my open mouth on her, taking everything she had and getting the deepest taste of her.

After a moment, her ass settled back onto the cushions. I raised my head, the lower half of my face wet and sticky. Becky smiled and sat up.

She said, "Oh, young miss, now I have gone and made a mess of you. A thousand apologies. Please, let me help."

She pulled me toward her and set

about licking clean my chin and lips and throat. Our tongues tangled, and the kiss sent shockwaves of pleasure through me. Even just 20 minutes ago I'd been thinking I would never have any sexual contact with this woman. Now I'd eaten her delectable cunt. Did she want to do more?

She did. She started pulling at my clothes, and I stripped immediately, distantly aware that my husband was observing us. This alcove was the whole world to me, and Becky and I its only inhabitants.

With eager movements she drew me up onto the wide couch. She started kissing her way down my body, sucking my tits on the way, and then flicking her tongue playfully at my belly button, before she settled between my outspread thighs.

My pussy trembled and streamed as her hot breath grazed it. Red hair spilled over my thighs. When her tongue touched me, it was like an electric jolt. My whole body jumped, and pleasure echoed through me, promising greater joys to come.

She had a nimble tongue. It darted up and down my gaping twat. She probed me deep, drawing fiercer pleasures out of me. When she at last homed in on my aching clitoris, I shuddered with response. It tripped an ecstasy in me at the primal level. Suddenly, instinctively, I seized hold of that gorgeous red hair with two fists and jammed my pussy against her mouth.

I had to bite my lip to keep from spewing a torrent of joyful profanities. I wanted to say *Fuck, fuck, fuck yeah! Drink my cunt juice, you hot bitch!* But I'd managed to behave myself so far and

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didn't want to ruin anything. So I "settled" for coming hard into her mouth. It was fantastic, a rapture of orgasmic delight.

The lovely face arose from between my legs. Becky's green eyes danced with Sapphic jubilation. I sat up and drew her into my arms. This time I licked her sloppy face clean, my tongue tingling with Kevin's seed.

My flesh still prickled with need. My bones hummed with desire. I had wanted this beautiful woman for some while and didn't want to give her up. I didn't know if she was up for any more, though.

"Tell me, miss," I said, barely managing to contain my laughter. "Would you care to entwine your legs with mine, so that we could more easily set our nethers one against the other?"

Becky took a second to translate the Jane Austen verbiage, then she grinned. Moving in perfect cooperation, we shifted around on the broad couch. Our thighs slid softly against each other as we slotted our legs into the scissor position. I squirmed my ass forward until our pussies met with a gentle squelching sound that excited me.

Even that tender initial contact touched off waves of anticipatory pleasure. I felt her wetness against my own. We each had the taste of the other in our mouth. Now our juiciest, most sensitive parts were pressed flush together.

I braced my arms behind me. Becky did the same, giving her the leverage to shove her pussy hard against mine. We both did so, pushing off, jamming our cunts rhythmically together.

Each instant of contact was an adventure in pleasure. I wasn't new to

this sex act, but somehow with Becky it was different—sweeter, hotter, more meaningful. I felt we were each trusting the other to deliver gratification. I certainly wasn't going to leave her unsatisfied the way Kevin had. Hell, she'd already come against my lips.

But this was building into something special. I could feel the ultimate euphoria gathering on the deepest levels of my being. The look contorting Becky's features told me she was heading there as well. I felt thrilled to be taking her, to be going with her.

We smeared and mashed our pussies together, bodies straining, muscles standing out. We grunted, we groaned. My clit throbbed against hers.

It was as our mutual glorious climax started to break over us that something transformative happened. The first wave of climax hit me, with violent bliss following closely behind, when Becky's mouth opened and a flood of words came. They were amazing words.

"Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me with that sweet cunt, you crazy sexy bitch! Pound me with it! Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Cunt cunt cunt cunt!"

My eyes were almost popping out of my skull as the full force of my climax took over me. The pleasure wrenched me inside out, even as Becky's foul tirade echoed in my ears. Her words only added to the revelry of the moment. Whatever else, I knew she wasn't thinking about Kevin anymore.

She collapsed back onto the couch. I was aware of a sizable crowd now dispersing from around the nook—except for my husband. He'd come out of the shadows and had a broad smile on his face and a hard cock in his pants.

I lay with Becky and held her in my arms as we caught our breath. She apologized for her outburst, looking embarrassed, but I was having none of it. I kissed her with my salty tongue and said she could talk like that to me anytime.

—P.V., Boulder, Colorado

**"I STABBED MY
TONGUE DEEP
INSIDE, GETTING
THE LAST TASTES
OF KEVIN'S
SEMEN."**



BIRTHDAY BANG

We were sitting at the kitchen table, having some coffee before work. "What do you want for your birthday?"

I asked my wife, Natalie. Hers was coming up in a couple of weeks. She smiled slyly, giving the spoon-swirling in her cup an extra bit of emphasis. "A gang bang."

Now that got my attention. Natalie and I have had an open relationship even before we were married. She has her affairs and I have mine. I do a lot of business in a different city, and there's a woman I see there regularly. As for my wife, I'm not quite sure how many lovers she has. We don't have one of those "tell all" open marriages.

"And just who were you thinking of having this gang bang with?" I queried. She couldn't resist giggling. "Your bowling team?"

I must have been slack-jawed, because she giggled again, then continued, "Of course, you would be there, too."

We were both becoming later and later for work as we discussed this. It turns out she had been watching some porn on the web lately and become intrigued by gang bangs, by being the center of attention of a bunch of men. She had never had multiple-partners before and wanted to be double-penetrated, and even triple-penetrated: a cock in her mouth, ass and pussy at the same time. She also wanted to be filled with come. Natalie loves men coming in her pussy, and the notion of having several loads in her cunt at the same time made her practically dizzy.

And why my bowling team? She didn't want to advertise for strangers, or pick up guys in a bar, or a swing club. One day she had tagged along to my bowling night and noted that she found all four of us handsome and sexy. Of course, I didn't look at my teammates that way, but she did. That was obvious.



As we discussed her wish, I had a very hard erection in my pants, which indicated I was all for it. The next step, a considerable one, was to persuade my teammates to agree. One of them, Kirk, would be no problem, as he's single, a bit of a hound, and has more than once complimented by wife on her appearance. The other two guys were married. Tony was on his third wife, so I didn't expect a huge problem from him, but Ernie was an older guy who had been married a long time to the same woman. I asked Natalie if three guys would be enough.

"Sure—I have a feeling Ernie is a great fuck, and I'll bet he's got a big cock." Instead of me asking them, which would be the most awkward conversation in the history of conversations, Natalie suggested they all come over for poker. The guys were up for it, not knowing that my wife would be in the pot.

That night, we were having a great time, and Natalie was serving us drinks and snacks. She wore short-shorts and a T-shirt with no bra. Kirk and Tony were both eyeing her like hungry wolves, but Ernie was just being friendly.

I steered the conversation towards locker-room type talk, such as if we had ever had group sex or fooled around in front of other people. The guys had not known that Natalie and I were in an open marriage, not until I told them that night. "Really?" Kirk asked, his eyes almost

popping out of his head like a cartoon character.

Tony, shuffling the cards, said, "I've tried that. My wife and I now have a kind of understanding. She knows what I'm up to on the road."

Ernie just shook his head and smiled. "C'mon, Ernie," I asked. "You've never strayed?"

He looked at me with his big cow eyes and said, "No, I would never—" then he hesitated. He was well in his cups, and looked like he was ready to reveal a huge secret. "It's not that I've never thought about it."

That was Natalie's cue. She walked into our den wearing skimpy lingerie, her breasts and pubic hair visible through the gossamer material of her delicate garments. The guys got very quiet. She sat down, crossed her long legs, and said, "We brought you here with an ulterior motive. I think you guys are hot, and I want to have a sex party—with me as the main attraction." She then stood and stripped naked, standing before our guests and doing a little twirl to show off her stunning figure. Natalie was a ballet dancer (and is now an instructor) and still has the grace, body and beauty of a professional ballerina. "You guys can have this, if you want it. We'll give you some time to think about it."

With that she picked up her lingerie and walked out of the room. I looked at

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each guy and said, "How about Saturday night? Who's in?"

Kirk actually raised his hand. "You know I'm in."

Tony coughed and said softly, "I'm in."

Ernie looked troubled and said nothing. He was clearly moved, so to speak, by Natalie's display, but he was unsure. I said, "Saturday night at seven. We'll have another poker game, but there will be no cards. If you want to come, Ernie, you're welcome. If not, we understand."

The appointed night came. Natalie was off in the bathroom, preparing herself with a bubble bath and other beauty rituals. Kirk was early, of course, and I think I detected an erection in his pants when I answered the door. We had set up the living room for the action, with pillows all around and scented candles—and easy to reach bottles of lube. Kirk and I tried to remain nonchalant and talk about sport while Natalie got ready.

Tony was right on time, arriving with a bottle of wine. I opened it, and the three of us guys continued to chatter nervously as we sipped from our glasses. Then, at a few minutes after seven, the doorbell rang. There was Ernie, standing on the doorstep like he was lost. He was holding a bouquet of flowers.

"For me?" I joked. He didn't get it for a second, looking confused, but then smiled, his gap-toothed grin lighting up the night.

The four of us men were now in the living room. Natalie was still getting ready, so we actually turned on a sports channel and had some snacks to pass the time. Then the moment arrived. I turned off the TV and in walked the lady of the hour. She was wearing an old flannel bathrobe, a pair of boxers, and some wool socks. Her inky-black hair was piled into a top-knot. She greeted everyone warmly and then slipped off everything but the socks. "My feet get cold easy," she said. Then she got on her knees in the middle of the room and looked around at us. "Goodness, so



"I SLID INSIDE, ENJOYING THE GOOEY SENSATION OF HER CREAM- FILLED SNATCH."

many men," she cooed. "It's time to take out those cocks."

I got the ball rolling, standing, lowering my zipper, and popping my cock out of my fly. It was fully engorged. Natalie turned in my direction and undid my belt, pulling my pants and underwear down. "No time to be shy, especially when you're my husband." To be honest, I wasn't shy because of her; I was shy because of the other guys. I don't believe before that night I had ever seen an erect penis in person, nor had any other man seen mine.

Natalie stroked my cock and balls and said, "Come on—who's next?" Kirk answered the call, and when he dropped

his drawers he unleashed quite a python. Natalie made all sorts of oohs and aahs over it, running her fingers up and down the shaft, making Kirk's knees buckle.

Tony was next. His cock was about my size, but his balls were droopy. Natalie cupped them in her hand and caressed them, which made Tony gasp.

There were now three pants-less men in a circle around my nearly naked wife, who was kneeling on a pillow on the floor. She looked up at Ernie and crooked a finger at him. He came forward, and she made a big show of removing his pants. Ernie is a bearish man, hirsute and stocky, and his cock was fat. His was the first organ to slide between Natalie's lips, and as she blew him, she had Tony and Kirk's cocks in each hand, stroking them. I stood off to the side, stroking my own dick, while watching my gorgeous wife work on three men at the same time.

She broke off from Ernie and started licking Kirk's cockhead. Then she took as much of Kirk into her mouth as she could, even though it was only about half of his length. I knelt behind her and played with her pussy; she was already sopping wet. She was still jerking off Tony, but now Ernie was on his knees, sucking on her tits.

Natalie let Kirk's cock slip from

her mouth long enough to make a pronouncement: "I want all you guys naked. Strip!"

Of course, we did what she said. She got on all fours and signaled for me to fuck her from behind. She requested Tony in front of her for a blowjob, and Kirk and Ernie stroked their cocks while they watched the three of us. We traded positions for a while, took a water break, and then Natalie said she was ready to try a triple penetration. Us guys looked at each other in wonderment, so my wife took charge of the situation, saying, "Tony, you lie on the floor. I'll take you in my pussy. I've had my hubby in my ass before, so he'll go there. Kirk and Ernie, you can play rock, paper, scissors for my mouth."

Ernie won, so that's how it played out. Tony lay on his back, his cock pointing due north, and Natalie squatted down on his shaft, taking it inch by inch until she was pubic bone to pubic bone with him. Then she bent forward, and I got in position behind her, generously lubing her ass, and then sinking inside her. She let loose a long, low moan, and shuddered as we found a rhythm; I pulled out as she pushed down on Tony. Meanwhile, Ernie was enjoying a sloppy blowjob.

After a few minutes, Kirk tapped Ernie like he was at a dance and took his place in Natalie's mouth. Natalie sucked him for a few minutes, Tony and I still plugging away.

For the next several minutes we switched positions.

At a certain point us guys were ready to come or drop dead, one or the other. As I knew she would, she announced, "I want all that precious come in my cunt. Kirk, you first!"

She lay back on the pillows, her legs spread to the ceiling. Kirk got in the pilot's seat and thrust several times before bellowing and filling her up. He pulled out and just about passed out. Tony was next, and if he had any problem

with being sloppy seconds, he didn't show it. He fucked her like a rabbit in heat, and he, too, popped off inside her. When he pulled out, I could see some jism trickling out of her honeypot, which excited me.

Ernie was next, and he asked if she could get on all fours. She was glad to do so, and he plowed her for a few strokes. When he came, he cried out loudly. Now it was my turn. Natalie stayed on all fours, looking back at me and winking, her hair a mess, her makeup smudged. I thought she'd never looked more beautiful. Even though I knew I was about to stick my cock in a pussy containing three loads, I didn't hesitate. I slid inside with ease, enjoying the gooey sensation of her cream-filled, well-stretched snatch. There wasn't much friction, but I was so ready to explode that just the thought of what I was doing set me off. I felt my body go slack and unleashed the ejaculation of a lifetime—it must have been five or six spurts. I fell back and watched all of that semen drip out of her pussy, the rivulets running down her legs. She reached back to scoop up some of the sticky fluid

and licked it off her fingers.

"That was amazing guys," she said, now lying on her back with her arms and legs akimbo. "I'm going to lie here for a while and then take a shower."

That was sort of our signal to leave her alone. We grabbed our clothes and headed for the guest bedroom. Kirk, Ernie and Tony dressed, and no one knew what to say. What is the proper etiquette in this situation? "Thanks for letting me fuck your wife and come inside her"?

The guys left silently, giving me friendly nods on their way out the door. I returned to the living room, where Natalie was still lying, idly fingering her sloppy pussy. "Next time," she said matter-of-factly, "I want to try two dicks in my pussy at once."

—K.L., Des Moines, Iowa

Have you ever enjoyed the squishy thrill of coming in second? Or third? Or...? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SLS, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





FILTHY

BAILEY KEEPS A PRISTINE HOUSE, BUT AS FOR HER MIND?
THAT'S TOTALLY DIRTY.



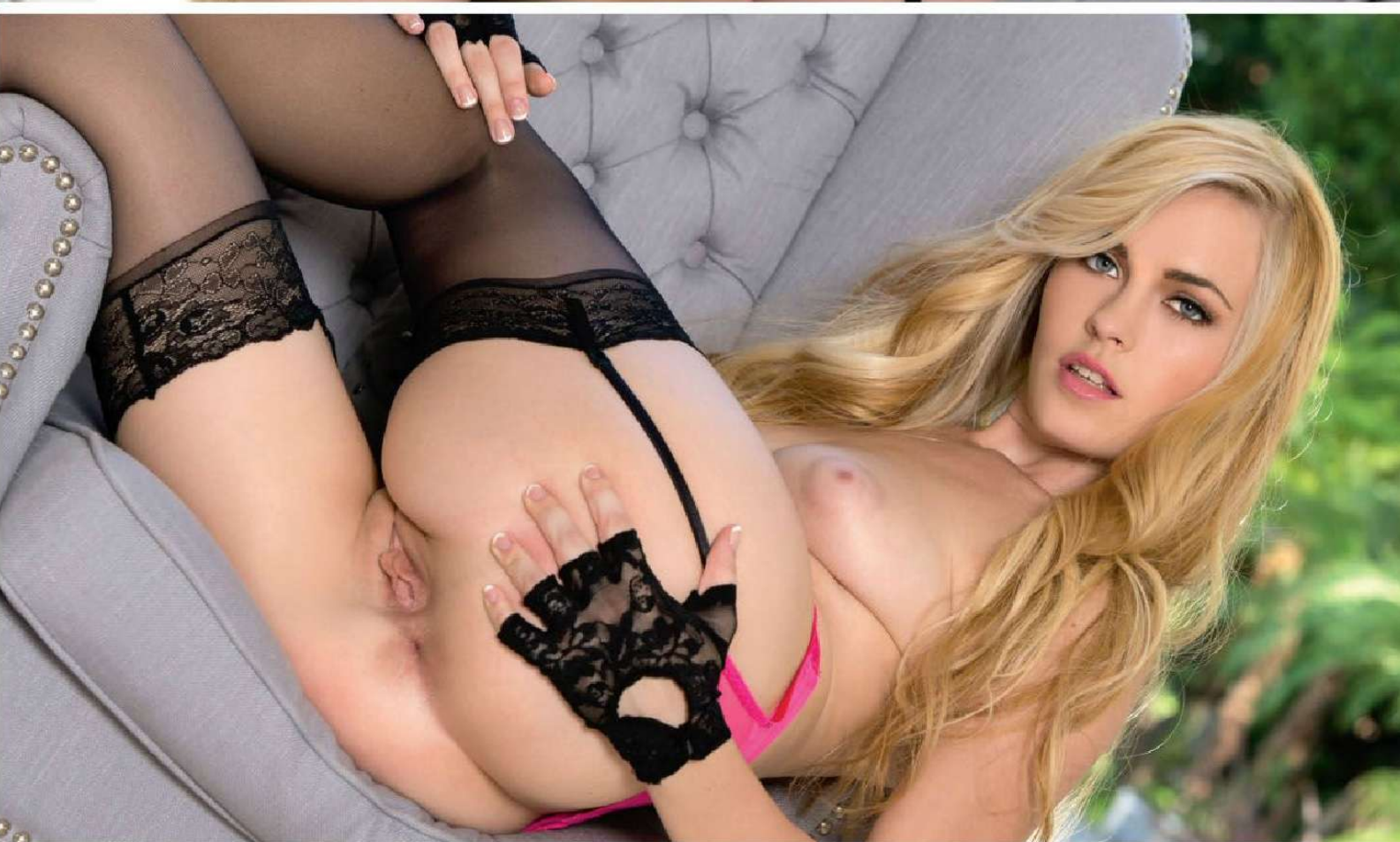


“MY FANTASIES KEEP ME COMPANY
AND TURN ME ON.”

—BAILEY











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KEY LETTERS

➤ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

■ NEW AGAIN

When my former long-term girlfriend resurfaced unexpectedly in my life, I didn't tell my wife about it. At least, not right away.

Brianna had been The Great Love of my youth. We'd gotten together in our young 20s, and stayed as thick as thieves for three solid years. We lived together, we loved each other, and we screwed night and day with youthful exuberance. Brianna was a beautiful Irish lass, with freckled skin, red hair, and a bowstring-taut body of unbelievable suppleness and energy. She was the kind of girlfriend I'd always dreamed about, and she fulfilled every last one of my fantasies.

But despite all the love and scorching mutual attraction, the relationship had eventually gone awry. I could see it in perspective now. It had been a white-hot romp, where I'd learned how to love someone seriously. Brianna had helped me grow into an adult, ready for a real commitment.

I had made that commitment to Jacey, my wife of seven years now. She was

a beautiful woman—beautiful of body, beautiful of mind. Her skin was as dusky as Brianna's had been pale. She was an accomplished individual, with a serious career. She was also warm, tender and mind-bogglingly sexy. I loved her through and through, and had never given thought to cheating on her.

Jacey was everything the grownup me wanted in a companion and lover. But Brianna had been everything the younger me had once desired and cherished. And now here she was, popping up in my current cozy life.

I installed data security systems for financial firms. An assignment sent me up one of those big black towers downtown, and there I was met by Brianna. Brianna. After almost a decade, here she was, evidently my designated consultant with this firm.

We gaped at each other as mutual recognition set in.

"Finn! No way!"

"Brianna! I can't believe it!"

We embraced ardently, and the years fell away for me. It was suddenly easy to remember being a 20-something, in love, optimistic, endlessly horny.

When the sight and touch of my former

lover started to stir my cock in my slacks, I hurriedly backed off, feeling shock and shame.

"Uh, I'm married," I said lamely.

She still had a gorgeous smile. "I saw the ring. Congratulations."

After that we got down to the installment job at hand, which was what I was being paid for. But we promised to meet up for a drink the next night. She had said she wasn't married.

I had every intention of telling Jacey about it when I got home, but she had a case going to trial and was exhausted and preoccupied, so I let it go. She didn't need to hear my trivia. So I'd run into an old friend today? So what?

But I was bullshitting myself, and thereby coming as close to cheating on my wife as I ever had. Because of course I still thought of Brianna in a sexual way. I was no longer in love with her, but 10 years had done nothing to lessen her taut physique or erase an iota of loveliness from her freckly features. My being, on some level, was still hardwired to respond to her very enticing physicality.

That night I dreamed about her. A man can't be held responsible for what he dreams, can he? My brain cooked up a wild replay of one of the hottest, most memorable sexual episodes between Brianna and me.

We'd put together enough money to go on an actual vacation together, staying at a beachside resort. It was a flashy place, with comfortable rooms and a friendly staff, but it was also kind of stuffy there. We both felt like a tired old couple going through the motions. We were too young for this, we'd decided.

So we took off a day early and drove to a secluded stretch of beach and pitched a tent.

I remembered anticipating making love to Brianna that night. We were inside the tent, with the murmur of the waves audible. A single candle burned. I was already undressed, my cock fiercely hard. She unzipped the sleeveless top





she wore, and I gazed rapturously at her fantastically firm breasts, pale mounds capped with rosy nipples. She shimmied out of her shorts, grinning at me. Every cell of my body wanted me to go to her, to take her in my arms, to press our bare flesh together.

But before I could move, she suddenly laughed and ducked out through the tent's flap. I nearly knocked the candle over pouncing after her. Outside, the salty breeze blew. The ocean rumbled. The moon was out, and I saw her prancing toward the water, a ravishing shape.

I ran after her and caught up at the waterline. Her feet squelched in the wet sand. Foam splattered up around her toned calves. I thought I'd never seen anything so exquisite as her naked moonlit body. But I hadn't come to study her. I strode to her, took her into an embrace, and mashed my mouth down onto hers.

She answered my kiss, and our young taut bodies ground together. I seized her scrumptious ass and squeezed. She did the same to me. My cock throbbed against her belly. She reached between us and started jerking my meat. I snaked a hand down into the sweet valley of her ass and fingered her pussy from behind.

I heard her groan above the thunder of the waves. We were a dozen yards from the tent, both of us naked. I was aware of how exposed we were. This wasn't a private beach. No saying if any eyes were out there in the darkness, enjoying our sexual spectacle. The warm breeze caressed us. The incoming waves splashed around our feet. Flecks of

"I DELIGHTED IN THE SIGHT OF HER LAPPING AND NIBBLING ON BRIANNA'S SWEET SLIT."

white dotted her lovely body. Her red hair looked like flames in the moonlight.

We did it standing up in the surf. I planted my feet. She stood with legs spread and braced. I held her around her slim waist and slotted my aching cock up into her waiting wet pussy. She clutched my shoulders and moaned against my throat.

As I thrust up into her, she ground down onto me. This was no safe, staid resort fuck in our room. This was wild exhilaration expressing our vital and reckless need for each other. In that moment I loved that woman with all my heart and body.

She jumped up into my arms, cinching her legs around my hips. She bucked crazily, and those movements set me off. I unloaded my spunk up into her as she cried out, her voice echoing down the sandy stretch. Pleasure careened through me until I lost my footing and we both dropped into the shallow water, laughing blissfully.

I woke up panting, my whole body

humming. It took me a moment to realize I'd actually come from my dream, just like an overexcited teen. I started to reach for a tissue to wipe myself off and heard Jacey next to me in the bed say, "Reliving old times, babe?"

I froze. All I managed to say was, "Uh..."

Jacey rose onto an elbow. "You said her name, like, five times. Brianna."

"Uh..." I felt guilty and embarrassed, with my cream still on my belly.

She chuckled. She reached over and ran a fingertip through my semen, lifting it to her mouth for a taste. "What brought this on?"

I had no chance against her lawyerly shrewdness. I told her about seeing Brianna earlier and our plans for a drink together. She knew who Brianna had been in my life.

Jacey was still teasingly licking up strings of my come, which was making my cock stir anew and stiffen. She said, "I'll bet you want to fuck her again." But there was no jealousy in her tone. As she threw back the rest of the covers and climbed on top of me, fitting her pussy onto my rejuvenated cock, she added, "I'm curious about her. Tell you what, Finn. If you can seduce her before I can, you can fuck her to your heart's content."

I was speechless as she bucked up and down on my hard cock, writhing with orgasmic rapture. Maybe I had talked once too often about Brianna over the years. Maybe Jacey actually was a tiny bit jealous. As I thrust up into her and moments later felt my balls clench as I shot off a second time, it occurred to me that my wife had explicitly threatened to cheat on me—unless I beat her to it.

For a very brief while I thought about actually trying to compete in this contest Jacey had proposed. Then sanity set in, and I realized that in a perverse way my wife had more of a claim on Brianna than I did.

Why? Because Brianna had already taken up a certain amount of emotional space in my life, and that had edged out

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▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

Jacey ever so slightly. It wasn't anybody's fault. We all have pasts. But if Jacey got a piece of the woman who still haunted memories of my youth, then I felt the scales of our marriage would balance better.

So I called Brianna and said I couldn't make it for our drink. Then I stepped back and let Jacey do her thing.

When we'd first met, Jacey had come after me aggressively. I'd thought her high-profile attorney job put her out of my league, but she was having none of that. She fairly cornered me, and I agreed to a date that turned out to be among the best nights of my life. Here was a driven, sexy woman, confident, wholly adult, who wanted me. A year later we had married.

Now Jacey focused her campaign on Brianna. I merely watched from the sidelines, pretending I was still in the game. My wife contacted my ex-girlfriend's financial firm on some legal pretext and arranged a business dinner for the two of them. Apparently, they hit it off. I didn't even ask if Jacey had revealed to Brianna that she was married to me. They were scheduled for a more intimate date the following night. I figured Jacey would bring Brianna back here, so I excused myself from the premises.

She gave me a knowing look as I was going out the door, and said, "I know you haven't been trying, Finn. Sneak back around nine... if you want to." So shrewd.

I killed time, with visions of Jacey and Brianna now dancing in my head. At nine, I went back to our house. There were two cars already in the driveway. With my heart stuttering in my chest, I crept upstairs. The bedroom door was open, the lights on.

I had timed it just right. Or, more likely, Jacey had timed it for me. I stayed out in the dim hallway and watched the two women in the act of undressing one another. It seemed a curiously tender deed, the way their fingers easily worked hidden zippers and snaps.

Brianna's bare breasts came into view



**"AS THEY
WRITHED, I SAW
THEM BRING
EACH OTHER TO A
MUTUAL CREST
OF ECSTASY."**

as her bra was discarded. Her tits were as firm as ever. She put a hand to Jacey's dusker globes, topped with chocolatey nipples, even as Jacey finished stepping out of her lacy panties.

She set her hands on Brianna's ivory mounds, caressing her flesh. I heard Brianna's purring sigh, and my cock responded like I was in the room with them. My wife and ex-lover groped each other's tits, standing naked at the foot of the bed.

Their mouths came together in a slow smoldering kiss. Brianna's cascade of red locks spilled over her pale shoulders, while Jacey's more conservative halo of dark kinks framed her lovely face. I saw their tongues flash against each other,

their bodies pressing tightly together, grinding on one another.

There was no way I could keep my cock in my pants. I fumbled it free and immediately started pulling on my straining rod. The sight of those two women—both so meaningful to me in their different ways—enflamed my senses and nearly brought my blood to a boil.

They moved by silent mutual assent to the bed, their limbs graceful, their continuing caresses gentle. They lay down, but I still had a good angle of view. Coins jingled in my pocket as I jerked more on my staff, so I got out of my shoes and slacks. I was overheating in my shirt and flung that off, too, and then stood naked in the hallway, watching my wife cheat on me with my onetime love.

Jacey pushed Brianna firmly onto her back. She hovered over the pale-skinned woman a moment, with a wolfish grin, then bent and started kissing her way down Brianna's throat. She reached the other woman's breasts, and paused to nibble those succulent rosy nipples before proceeding further south.

By the time Jacey was at her navel, Brianna had her legs eagerly spread. I saw the shock of red pubic hair above her gleaming pussy. She reached down and helpfully parted her lips with two fingers. I remembered her doing that for

me years ago, and like me, Jacey took the opportunity to plunge her tongue deep inside this gorgeous woman.

Brianna cried out. Jacey had sucked me off countless times and I knew she had a talented mouth, but I'd never seen her apply her oral skills to another female. Hell, until recently I'd only suspected my wife had sexual tendencies that ran both ways.

Now I delighted in the sight of her lapping and nibbling on Brianna's sweet slit. Brianna's supple body writhed. She thrust her hips upward, and Jacey continued to drill her mercilessly with her nimble tongue.

I knew what Brianna looked like when she came. It was just like what I saw in the old days, a final glorious convulsion, accompanied by a cry to wake the dead. At last her ass settled back onto the bed, and Jacey rose with a shiny smile on her face.

If Jacey thought she had sapped Brianna's energy, she had another thing coming. Even though I anticipated something like it, I was still surprised when Brianna sprang up, seized Jacey's hips, and flipped her facedown on the bed. She then squirmed between Jacey's legs from behind and spread the halves of her taut ass with her fingertips.

I gasped as Brianna slavered her tongue over my wife's asshole. Jacey gasped, too. Actually she yelped, a happy surprised sound. I watched Brianna's freckled face move up and down, laving Jacey's crack. Red hair clung in sweaty strands to her forehead. Her back undulated as she feasted on the dark jewel of Jacey's buttock. Her tongue stabbed deep.

Jacey thrashed, both hands out and clawing at our bed's coverlet. I knew how much Jacey liked ass action, and I imagined Brianna was figuring it out as well right now. She kept up the intense rimming, until Jacey lifted her head and howled. Beautiful.

Meanwhile, I stood out there and

pumped my cock, delirious with what I was seeing and with the fact—echoing distantly in my head—that I had known both these fabulous women so intimately. I had always thought that if Jacey ever cheated on me, I would be devastated. That was not the case tonight.

The two of them shifted again, with that same cooperative grace, and settled into a perfect and inevitable 69. They did it side-by-side, and to my dazed eyes they seemed to form an exquisite yin and yang. The black and white symbol of balance. With their bodies reversed and their mouths each atop the other's pussy, I felt the serenity of the carnal universe whir within me.

As they writhed and wriggled together, licking and slurping, I saw them bring each other to a mutual crest of unbridled ecstasy. Their beautiful bodies bucked and twisted. Almost as an afterthought I shot my load along with them, speckling the hallway carpet. I felt delirious.

Yet I retained enough awareness to recognize my name when it was called. "Finn? Finn, we know you're out there. Why don't you come and join us?"

I moved forward on numb feet, a crazy grin splitting my face. I realized halfway to the bedroom that I didn't know which woman had just spoken to me.

—F.H., Sacramento, California

■ WISH GRANTED

I gave my new husband, Vince, fair warning, because I didn't want a repeat of my previous marital debacle: Don't get jealous and paranoid on me or I'll make your worst fears come true.

That probably sounds harsh, but I'd been through the wringer with Dirk, my first husband. We'd had two great years of marriage, but then he had changed. Suddenly, he was accusing



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➤ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

me of infidelities and watching my every move. I reasoned with him at first. For every accusation I had an airtight alibi. I explained myself repeatedly.

But it got old fast. I wasn't cheating on him. He needed to believe that. I tried to get him to go to therapy. Part of me felt responsible—not that I'd done anything wrong, but maybe I wasn't being a good wife somehow. (I roll my eyes thinking of that now.)

In the end, though, I did cheat on Dirk. Deliberately. Because I had absolutely had it with his paranoia. I took another man to bed and made sure Dirk found out about it, and that was the final incentive to go through with a divorce.

"I understand," Vince said, in his gentle manner.

Vince and I had gotten married two months earlier, after a very long courtship. My first marriage was now years in the

past, but sometimes—like now—I could still feel the aftereffects vividly. Which was why I told Vince I would brook no unfounded jealousy as we lay in bed together that night.

I loved Vince. He was compassionate and even-tempered. He was also damned fine-looking, with dark soulful eyes and a toned, rock-hard physique. I had been drawn to him at first sight, but we had taken our sweet time getting to know each other. He, too, had a nasty divorce in his past, which seemed to make him all the more sensitive.

It was cozy in the bed with him. We had made a nice home together. The night lay still around our house. A short while ago we had finished ravishing each other, and my body still hummed with fading pleasure.

Softly, Vince asked, "Who was the man you cheated on Dirk with?"

I blinked in the dimness of our bedroom. "Why do you want to know about him?"

"Just curious." He shifted nearer to me. His hand touched my arm. "What was it like when you fucked him?"

The question touched off a strange reaction in me. Part of me was surprised at his interest. Another part of me... tingled, as if with excitement. I wasn't proud of the deed from my past. It was the act of a pissed-off woman who'd been driven to extremes by a suspicious husband.

But I did still remember the male in question. Francisco. In a way I was still grateful to him, since he had provided the push I needed to finally break away completely from Dirk.

I smiled. "Sure you want to hear this?"

Vince moved closer in the bed. His hand shifted to my shoulder, caressing. "Yes." His voice was a little hoarse. Was he excited as well?

So I told him the tale, sparing no detail because I had the distinct impression he wanted to hear every one.

Back then, Dirk was in full accusatory mode. Not only would he wig out if I looked at another man, he got crazy jealous if there was another man in the room. He claimed I was sleeping with coworkers, friends, neighbors. It made socializing almost impossible. But somehow we ended up at a dinner party one night.

Dirk dogged my every step, an anxious angry presence at my elbow. I kept up appearances, though, smiling and managing to mingle. We were surrounded by old friends, many of who could sense something was wrong between me and my husband.

It was there that I spotted Francisco. He was a college friend of the host I learned later, in town for just a couple days. I saw him across the room, a handsome swarthy male with a winning grin and a casual physical confidence. His gaze flickered over mine.





Dirk saw. Apparently, that little look was all the proof he needed that I was already deep into a torrid affair with this man.

I tried to placate Dirk, saying I didn't even know his name, which at that point was the truth. My efforts were useless. That night, Dirk made our problems very public, causing a terrible scene. I stormed out alone—but not before slipping Francisco my cell number.

I stayed at a motel that night. Francisco called, and I told him to come over.

"He came over...and you fucked him?" Vince asked this as his hand moved down to my breasts, cupping softly. I squirmed a bit under his touch, my body responding.

"I'm getting to that," I told my husband. I resumed my story.

Francisco did indeed come to the motel. He appeared bemused by it all, asking if I was okay. We talked some. He seemed like a nice guy. But I was honest with him. I said I'd had it with Dirk and wanted to sleep with another man as payback for the hell he'd put me through.

Feeling I had nothing to lose, I unzipped the top I'd worn that night. Francisco's eyes got big as they beheld my bare tits. I slid off my skirt and panties. Nerves made me tremble. But I was also aroused as I hadn't been for some time.

Francisco couldn't hide the hard-on tenting the front of his pants. I crossed to him and tentatively drew him into a kiss. His mouth lowered onto mine. The contact was electric. He put his hands on me as I tugged eagerly at his clothes. Seconds later, I had his pulsing cock in my fist and his hands were squeezing my breasts.

Vince tweaked my nipples as I described the scene. His heavy

"I CLOSED MY LIPS AROUND THE THICK CROWN, GETTING A TASTE OF HIS MANLY FLAVOR."

cockhead pressed against my thigh.

In the motel room, Francisco and I moved to the bed. Already I felt a vast sense of liberation. I was freeing myself from a bad relationship—and about to get seriously laid in the process. By now Francisco was past all hesitations. We fell together onto the mattress, kissing and groping.

He pushed me onto my back and started licking his way down my body. I watched his tongue flash between my tits, pausing to flick each nip. Then he was kissing a path down my belly, and I was spreading my thighs, shivering even before his mouth reached my gushing cunt.

Francisco's tongue parted my pussy lips, and I cried out at this new contact. I felt his hot breath. He lapped hungrily, delving deeper with each stroke. He zeroed in on my swollen clit, tickling it and grazing it playfully with his teeth. My ass lifted off the bed as pleasure streamed through me. I instinctively seized a handful of his dark hair and came hard against his open mouth.

Listening intently to my tale, Vince's

hand had strayed down my body. I eased my legs apart and sighed as his fingertips brushed my pussy. I lazily reached for his cock, grasping him, relishing his pulsing heat and hardness.

After experiencing Francisco's tongue, I needed his cock inside me. After all the empty accusations, I had to complete this scenario properly. I drew my lover on top of me, liking the lean firmness of his muscles. His face was drawn in a rictus of aching pleasure as he slotted his cock into my waiting pussy.

Francisco plunged deep into me, bouncing me on the bed. I savored the eager balls-deep penetration. My body bucked as his ass rose and fell, his staff pounding into me. I told him to fuck me harder, as hard as he could. He hammered me, and every thrust took me further from Dirk and closer to a shattering, life-affirming climax.

The pleasure built and built with each fleshy smack. Francisco fucked me just like I wanted and needed. In that flashing second when I felt the first hot jet of his cream, my climax swept me up and spun me off into a final wave ecstasy. I held on to him and howled as I rode out my pleasure.

And the next day I made sure Dirk heard about our tryst.

Vince finished fingering my pussy and moved on top of me. As he slid his cock into me for a second time that night, he murmured, "Do you ever think about doing something like that again?"

I tried to answer, though I didn't know what I would have said. But I could only groan as new pleasures surged up over me.

Vince persisted. "Would you ever cheat on me, Zoey? Would you?"

I said nothing. I clutched his ass and pulled him deeper into me with every plunge. I wanted to wipe this all away with a fresh orgasm. The pleasure gathered swiftly. Vince fucked me harder, grunting loudly. We moved together with a familiar, perfect rhythm. When he came,

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I was there with him, sharing the mutual climax. It was glorious.

But afterward I wondered about those strange questions of his and what they actually meant.

At first a cold dread came over me as Vince continued with his lurid queries. He wanted to know where I went, who I saw when he wasn't around. It was the sort of grilling I had gotten from jealous Dirk.

But it wasn't exactly the same. The whole tone was different. Vince wasn't being accusatory. When he asked such questions, he sounded...turned on. Like he wanted me to say I was fucking some other man.

When I realized his earnest wish was to have me take a lover, I also realized we could both have some real fun. We could take our marriage to a new level of excitement. My night with Francisco remained burned in my memory, no matter how ashamed of it I tried to pretend to be. The thought of doing something like that again excited me desperately.

But I wanted Vince to see me doing it. And I was sure by now that he was wishing for that, too.

There was a guy at work who'd always had the hots for me. Tyler, a blond-haired

“MY PUSSY GRASPED HIM EARNESTLY, TAKING HIM AS HE THRUST HIMSELF UP AND IN.”

male with a swimmer's build, had a strong sleek body that I found incredibly appealing. I arranged a tryst with him, much to his surprise and delight. I also left the time and the motel's address on a note I conveniently “forgot” on my nightstand at home. Where Vince would find it.

“Leave the curtains open,” I told Tyler when we were in the room that evening. There was a hillside behind the motel, with a view down into our unit. I tingled with excitement. Though this was a sort of playacting, it was also real. I was going to cheat on my husband with this man.

Tyler left the windows uncovered. He

grinned, his eyes dazed, like he couldn't believe this was happening. I checked the time. Vince should be in place. I imagined him in his car with a pair of binoculars, desperate to watch his “unfaithful” wife.

I did as I'd done with Francisco. I removed my top, then slipped off my skirt and panties. Tyler gaped, the front of his slacks swelling with a distinct bulge. With a sultry smile I crossed to him and pulled him into a kiss. He froze only an instant, then melted into my arms, groaning with longing. His hands roamed my taut body. He cupped my tight ass.

We were standing right there in front of the windows. I tore at his clothes, my need mounting. I tugged his fly, and his cock sprang out into my hand. I squeezed the firm length of him, and he moaned again. He got out of the rest of his clothing.

The room's lights were on, and we would be easily visible from the hillside. The thought of Vince's eyes on us only made the moment more exciting. Tyler fingered my flowing pussy while I jerked his shaft. We kissed again, deeply, tongues probing.

He suggested huskily we move to the bed, but I answered by taking a half step back, dropping to my knees, and cradling his luscious balls in my hand while aiming that lovely cock right at my face. He gasped when I swirled his cockhead with my tongue.

I closed my lips around the thick crown, getting a taste of his manly flavor. I started sucking my way down his vein-lined staff, letting my mouth widen into a cocksucker's ring. I flattened my cheeks in around him, giving him some good suction. Finally, I had swallowed him down to his base. I buried my nose in his dark blond curls and inhaled his masculine aroma. His cockhead throbbed in my throat.

As I proceeded to slide my mouth up and down on him, I looked up to see his handsome face contorted in

overwhelming pleasure. This had to be a fantasy-come-true for him. He started thrusting into my mouth, instinctively. He wound his fingers into my hair. His balls slapped against my chin. I sucked him to his root with every plunge. I thought about letting him blast off in my mouth, but I didn't want this to end so quickly.

I backed off, panting, and stood up. Tyler looked stunned. My spit dribbled from his cock.

"Your turn. On your knees," I said.

He grinned, eager to comply. He knelt on the carpet. I spread my legs, planted my heels. I held on to his firm shoulders to brace myself. He pressed his face between my thighs. I felt his breath on my wet pussy lips, then his tongue was parting my folds.

I grunted with pleasure as he stabbed up into me. Liquid excitement gushed through my body. My flesh prickled. I staked my fingers into the hard meat of his shoulders and thrust my needy pussy against his mouth. He licked and lapped and swirled and nibbled.

When he scoured my clit with his tongue, I shook uncontrollably. My thighs crushed in on his face from either side. He slurped and growled, and I was helpless to stop the climax that whipped through me. I gushed my juice into his mouth as the motel room whirled around me. The pleasure was intense, raising a rosy film over my eyes.

Tyler stood, with a wet face. I still had no intention of going to the bed. I turned, put my palms against the thick glass, and thrust my ass out. I saw a ghostly reflection of myself in the window. Behind me, Tyler moved into place. I felt his hands on my hips, trembling. The fronts of his thighs brushed the backs on mine. A grin appeared in the glass beneath a crown of disheveled blond hair.

His cock slipped past my well-slickened entrance. My pussy grasped him earnestly, taking him as he thrust himself up and in. I put my forehead against the cool glass, moaning as he

touched me at my deepest recesses.

He began stroking into me, a slow, savoring rhythm. Gooseflesh grew on my arms. My fingertips pressed whitely on the windowpane.

I looked out and past our vague reflections. My eyes wandered the hillside, even as Tyler's every thrust brought new pleasures to me. Distantly, I looked for any evidence of anyone on the grassy hill. A narrow road went over it, but I saw no traffic. I peered into the overcast night.

For a few seconds the clouds parted and moonlight shone through. I thought I saw a glint on the hilltop, as of the rooftop of a car. Then it was gone, and Tyler was hammering his cock into me at a faster tempo. I called encouragement to him. I hoped Vince was seeing this. I wanted him to watch the ripples of my body as another man fucked me. I wanted him to see how much I liked it, and I wanted him to find the fulfillment he was seeking.

His wish was for a cheating wife. I would give it to him, but not maliciously,

not like with Dirk. This was purely out of love.

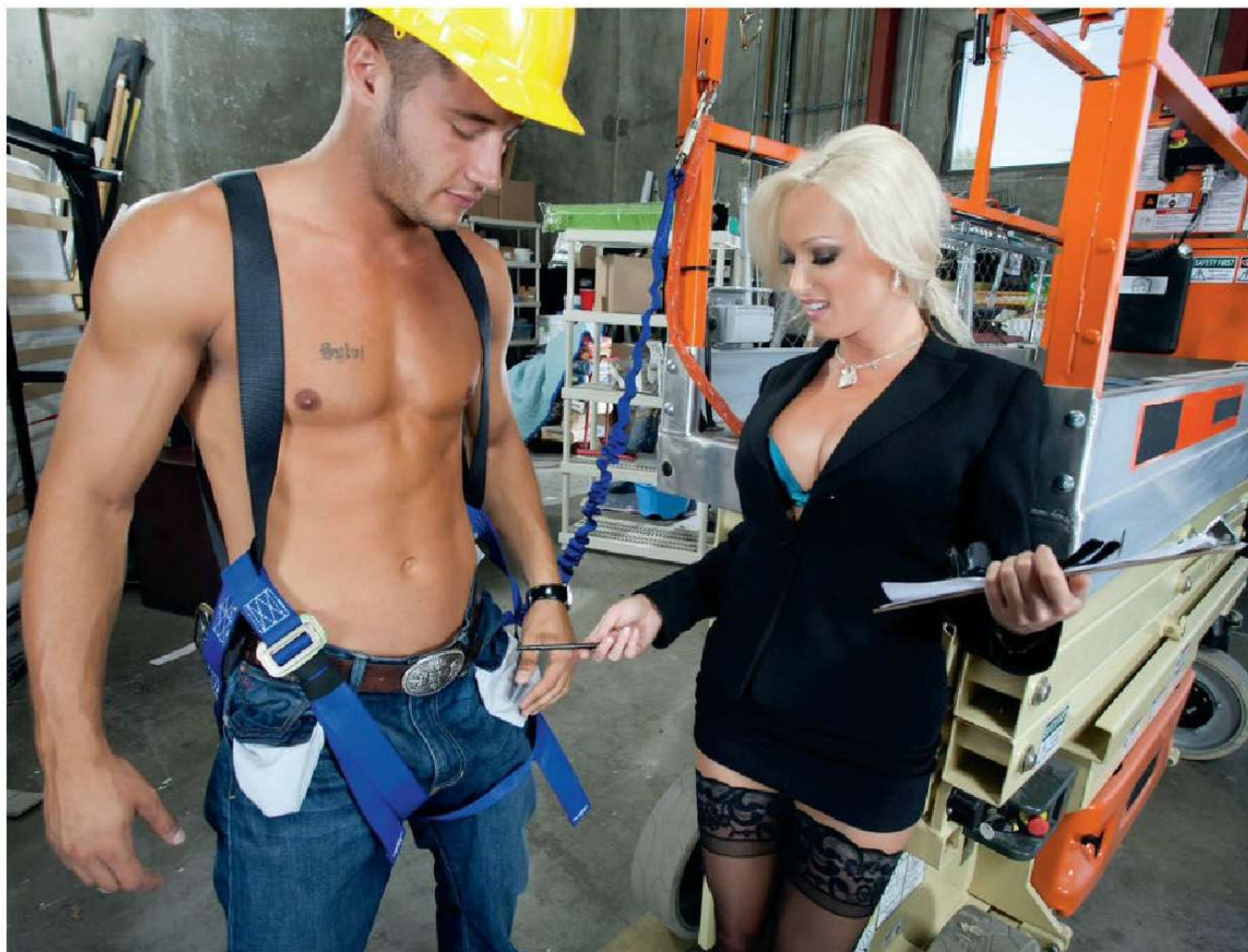
Tyler went into a frenzy, fucking me like a demon. His breath came in hard tight pants. Again, the start of a fantastic climax caught hold of me and dragged me helplessly along. Orgasmic pleasure swept through my being, just as Tyler let out a yowl and started spraying his sweet spunk into me.

We both shook with our mutual climax. I hoped Vince, watching, was joining us in it. Afterward, when Tyler had uncoupled himself from me and staggered back, I stayed at the window and blew a kiss out into the night. I knew, in my heart, that my husband was out there. And I hoped to share many more nights just like this.

-Z.G., Atlanta, Georgia

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DIANA INSPECTS THE WORKSITE, ENSURING DANNY HAS THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB.



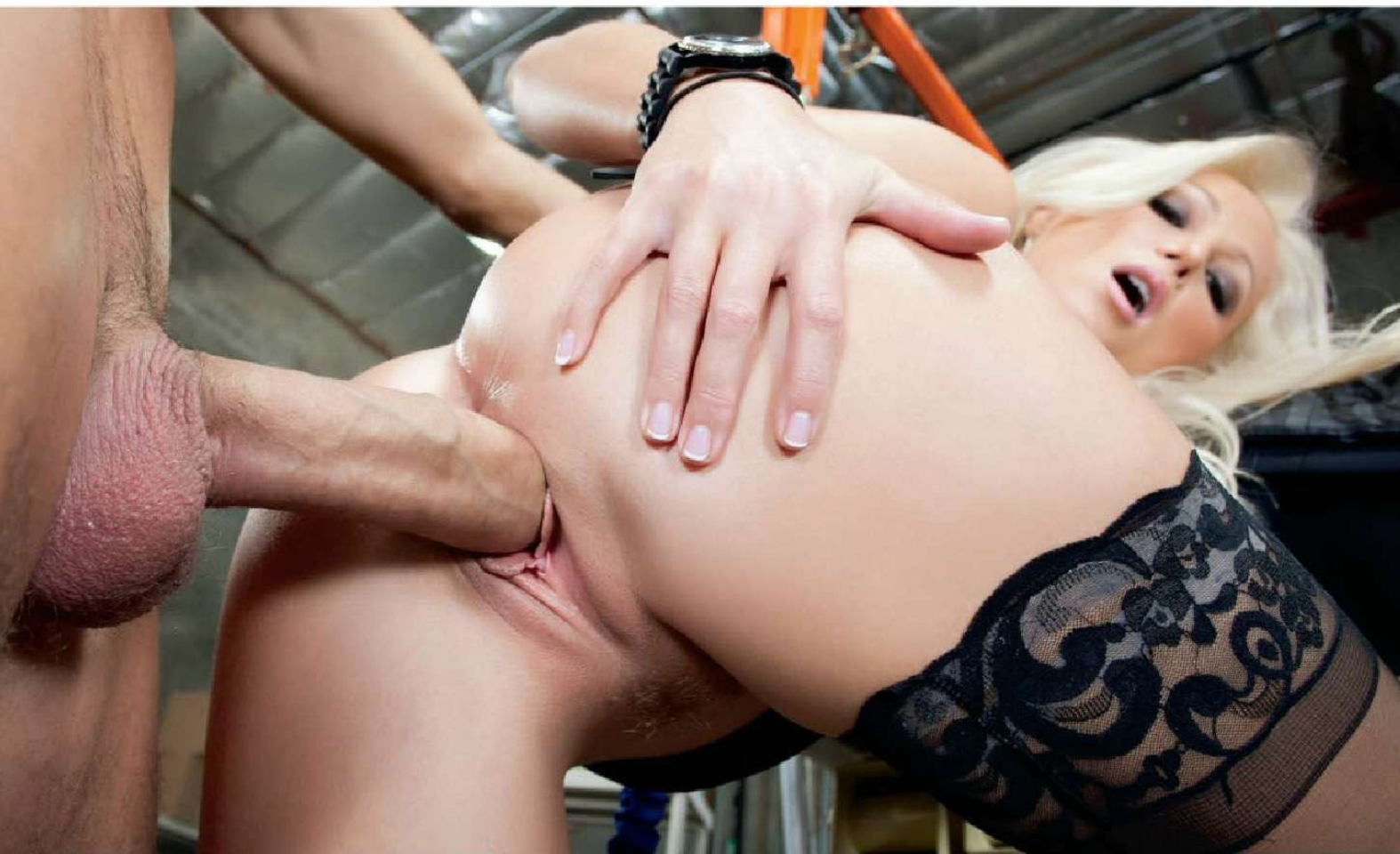


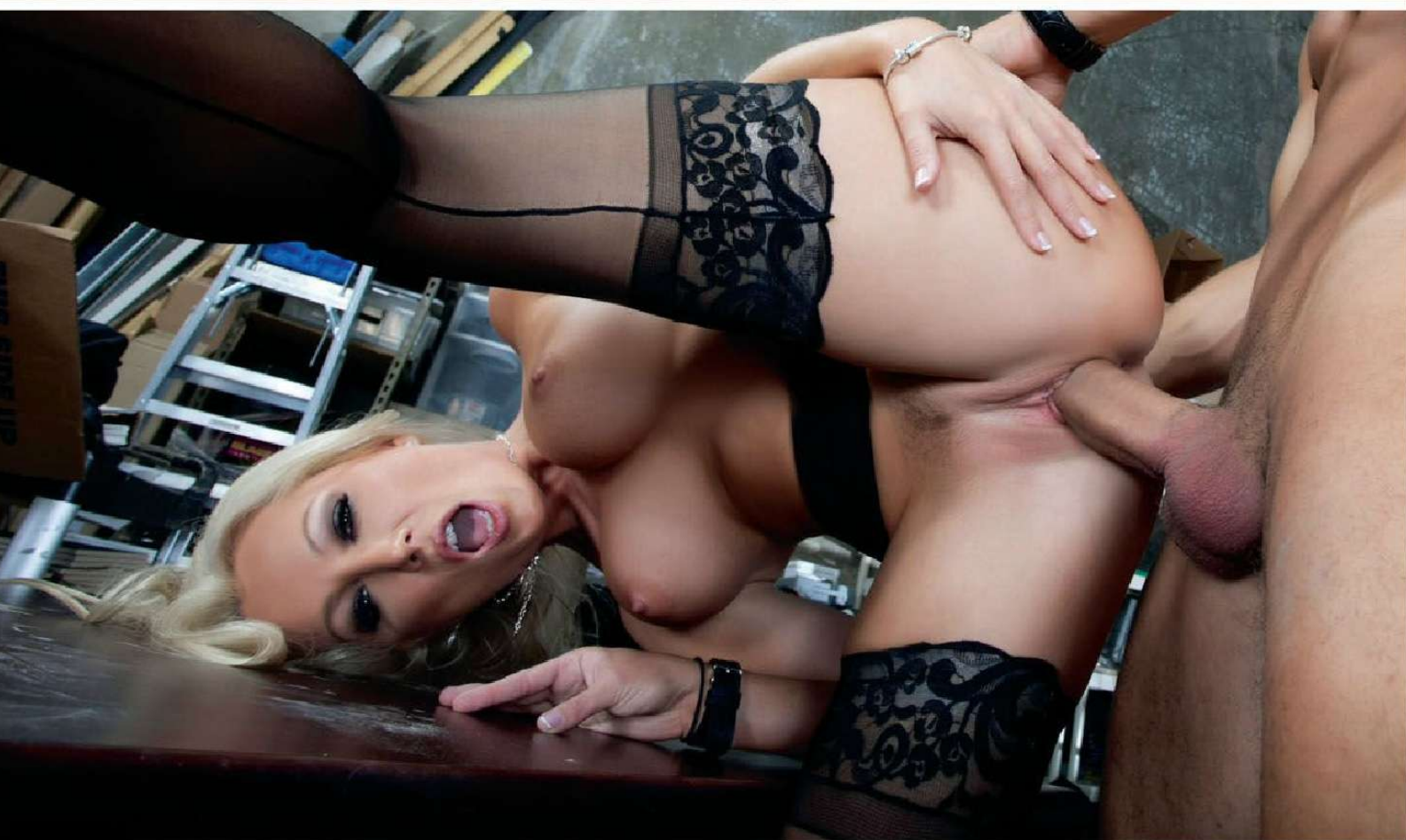
“WHAT MY HUSBAND DOESN'T
KNOW WON'T HURT HIM.”

— DIANA

















TOP 10

WITH NICKI & XANDER



TOP 10 WAYS TO CATCH A MILF

10. Scour upper-class neighborhoods and look for idle older women.
9. Find daytime locations where MILFs congregate, such as parks, supermarkets and museums.
8. Ask a friendly MILF for directions before slipping her your number.
7. After you've broken the ice, lay down a compliment on her looks.
6. Shop at organic grocery stores; health-conscious MILFs are often the hottest.
5. Ask for recipe suggestions—then offer to cook her dinner.
4. In an upscale clothing shop, ask for her opinion on your selections.
3. Act confident—eye contact and body language are key.
2. Have something to say. MILFs like eye candy, but you'll need more than good looks to seal the deal.
1. Power through her age objections—and tell her why she'll rock your world.



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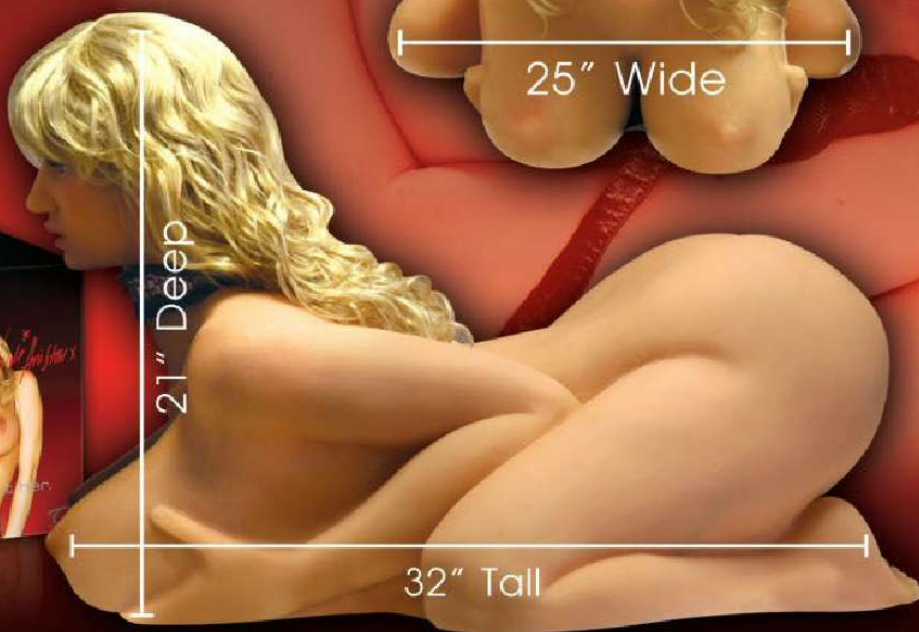
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Nicole Aniston

PENTHOUSE *Pet*
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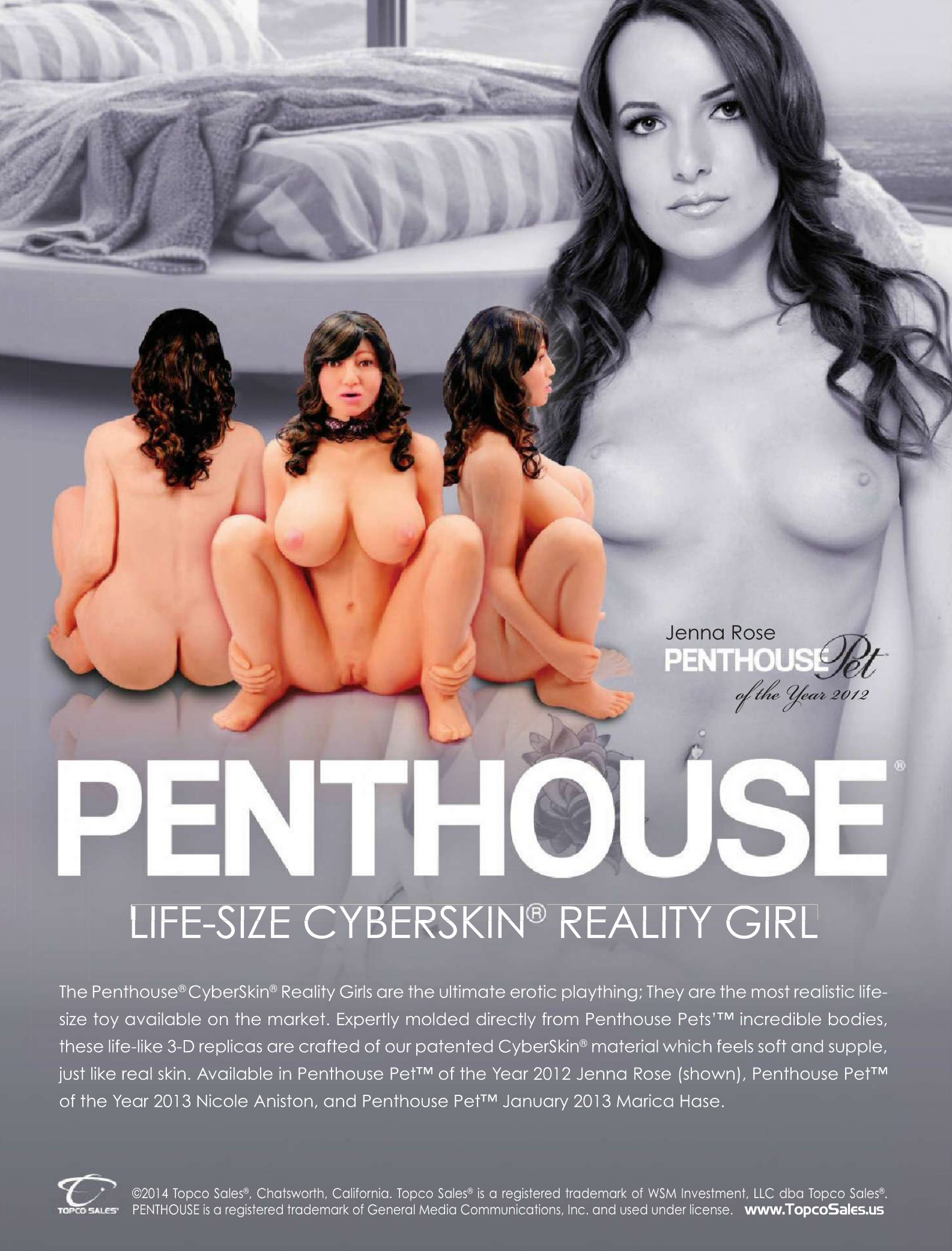
32" Tall

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VARIATIONS

EDITORS' NOTE

This year *Penthouse Variations* joins *Letters'* pervy party, putting a kinky spin on wife-watching fun. The lusty letters about sinful spouses and their deviant dalliances in "Watching My Wife" are just a few of the sexy stories we have for you this month.

Michael Vanwell adores his wife and mistress, who sometimes treats him with an up-close view of her dominating one of her eager-to-please submissives. But when he breaks the rules, she finds a creative way to punish both her husband and her slave in "Dessert at Eight." Walter Simmons worships his domme bride, and he enjoys nothing more than spying her spanking a sweet young thing in "Watching the Waitress." And bringing up the rear, *Wide World of Variations* features the tale of a wild wife getting her groove on with the help of her horny hubby. Who says marriage is boring?

-The Editors



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THE UNDENIABLE LONGING FOR EROTIC PUNISHMENT,
THE RESULTS ARE BOUND TO PLEASE.**

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WATCHING MY WIFE

X-RATED FANTASIES

I always got the feeling that my wife knew about my fetish. We'd never discussed this turn-on of mine, the desire I've nurtured to watch her with another man. But she has always had this way of teasing me, of playing with me, that made me think she understood.

After what happened this weekend, I'll never have doubts again.

Chelsea knows my schedule inside and out. So she knew I'd be home around nine o'clock from a night of basketball at the gym. Yet when I walked into our apartment, I couldn't find her at first. Not in the living room. Not in the kitchen. Often on nights like these, I'll find her waiting for me. Not on this night. I was about to call out to her when I heard noises. Not scary movie noises, but sounds that were of a sultrier variety. Sounds that were sex noises. Sighs. Moans.

Was that Chelsea?

My heart raced as it never had before. I couldn't believe what was happening. Was Chelsea with someone? We hadn't discussed this. How did I feel? Excited, I'll tell you that, but nervous, too. Was she really doing it with someone else? I walked softly toward our bedroom. The door was open slightly, a crack, but a crack was all I needed.

The sounds were louder here. Not mere moans, but cries.

I pressed my face to the open space, and there I saw Chelsea watching the dirtiest, filthiest movie I could imagine. Yes, I watch my share of porn, but this was different. Chelsea was naked and watching a BDSM movie on the computer, and she was stroking her pussy the whole time.

I didn't know what to do at first. Should I barge in and ask her what she was doing? It was obvious, wasn't it? She was masturbating to an X-rated movie! Then I thought a little harder—hard being the key word of the moment—and I

realized that she had to know I was there, that this whole thing had been a setup for me. I'm always home at the same time. So she'd taken off her clothes, set the door the way it was, and...

A sound—a different sound—made me start. Holy fuck, she had turned on a vibrator, one I'd never seen before. The toy was bigger, thicker and longer than any of the others she owned. I watched, spellbound, as Chelsea started to suck on the toy. Her fingers were working her slippery pussy and her mouth was going to town on that fake cock.

My very real cock twitched against my fly. I unbuttoned and unzipped, then pulled out my manhood. Chelsea

**“I STEALTHILY
WATCHED AS SHE
BROUGHT
HERSELF TO ONE
ORGASM, THEN
ANOTHER.”**

seemed to have gotten her toy to the wetness she desired. She lifted herself up in the chair and then impaled herself on the behemoth. I would have moaned if she hadn't made the noise for me. She started to grind on that thick dick, working it in and out of her splayed split while her eyes remained focused on the action on the screen.

That's when I paid a little attention to the plot. In the movie, it looked like a woman was cuffed to a bed while one man fucked her and another man watched her getting fucked. Was this another sign? Was she letting me know with her selection that she wanted this, too? Was this her fantasy?

I decided to ask her. But not yet.

First, I stealthily watched as she brought herself to one orgasm, then another. I watched her taking in the video, sighing when the actress sighed, moaning when the actress moaned.

It was only after I shot off in the palm of my hand that she turned and met my eyes.

Would she let me watch her again in the future?

I couldn't wait to find out.

—E.R. Minneapolis, Minnesota

IN FOCUS

We have a home surveillance system. The type of cameras that allow us to check on our belongings from outside the home. Joan said we should get a full system because we travel so often. “That way we can be totally sure, when we're on the road, that nothing's gone wrong.”

I was down with the idea mostly because I have always had a hard-on for tech. I like to be up on the latest gizmos and gadgets. What I did not realize when we agreed to install the devices was that Joan had ulterior motives. Ones that have worked surprisingly well for our marriage. Yes, video cameras took our relationship to a whole new level.

Let me rewind. When we first got together, my beautiful Joan said she loved me, but explained that she couldn't limit her libido to just one man. “What do you mean?” I asked her, totally baffled. I'd been with my share of women before Joan, but none had ever been as forthcoming as she was about her desires. With most of my ex-girlfriends, I'd had to really work to coax them to share their fantasies. Joan wasn't like that at all. She took me out to dinner, told me she wanted to fully commit to our relationship, but only if I could accept her for how she was.

I looked her up and down. How she was? She was fucking gorgeous. With her blonde mane of curls and her vibrant blue eyes, she looked like an all-American-dream come true. Add in her body, lithe and fit, all lean limbs and tanned skin, and she hit my pleasure points without lifting a pinkie. But what she said next made alarm bells ring throughout my whole body.

Another type of woman might have had to take a sip of alcohol for courage. Not Joan. She let me have a sip of my own wine, and then she said, "I want to be in a relationship with you, Charlie." I was pleased to hear her words. The seriousness of her expression had worried me for a moment. She ran one stockinged foot up the inside of my leg. "But I need to be with other people, too."

"You need to what?" I wasn't sure I'd heard her correctly. Her toes were stroking my package now. I knew the tablecloth was hiding her footsie games, so I had to do my part to act cool, calm, and entirely collected, even though my cock had sprung to attention.

"I won't love them like I love you," she continued. "But I'll need them. And you can watch, if you want."

I blinked a few times and stared at her. Those toes of hers pushed a little harder against my groin. I bit down a groan.

"What do you think about that?" she asked. For the first time, she looked a little nervous. I caught the color to her cheeks now. Maybe she'd been at this place before. Maybe she'd told another man before me that she wanted him—but she wanted more—and he hadn't reacted well. I cleared my throat.

I couldn't believe she'd voiced my own desires so eloquently. I assured her that I was fine with her plan—because what I'd always wanted was to be with one woman and watch her with an endless parade of other players. Strangers. Friends. Vanilla sex. Kinky sex. Whatever. It's the watching that gets me off like nothing else. Nothing close. Joan was so



pleased she insisted we have sex right then. Well, not exactly then at the table. But in the parking lot. The whole time, she told me about what she'd do for me, how she'd make sure that all of my dirtiest, filthiest fantasies came true.

In the months that followed, I watched the trainer from her gym bind her to the bed and fuck her, our favorite handyman spank her silly, and the hot gardener blindfold her before she sucked his cock. She had sex with all these different men—and she did it not only for herself, but for me.

Still, it didn't occur to me what she was plotting when she had the security cameras installed in our home. Not until she sent me the web link for the cameras while I was at work and told me to check if the vantage points suited me. I'd left everything in her capable hands. I was sure the video cameras would be fine where they were. But I clicked the link anyway, and that's when I realized how slow I'd been.

Of course. With Joan there was always another shoe to drop. This time, she had set her sights on the man who'd come to install the equipment.

As soon as the cameras clicked into action, Joan gave me a wink. She'd been waiting, I guessed, for me to activate the connection at my end. I sent her a text. "Looks good from here." She responded verbally, "Just you wait."

The handsome handyman turned to look at her. He was young and lanky, dark curly hair, brown eyes. He knew nothing of Joan's plans.

"Did you say something?"

Joan shot me a look through the camera's eye. Then she said, "I wanted to thank you for all of your hard work." When she said the word "hard," she lingered. Hard in Joan's world means something unique. Hard is a word she can lick with the tip of her tongue. Now we'd see if the handyman would catch on, if he would understand the type of pleasure and wonderment that my sweet wife was offering. He tilted his head a little bit. I watched him take her in. Take her in the way I take her in—all of her luscious beauty running through his mind. Was he thinking of fucking her pussy? Or maybe her ass? Was he imagining her mouth on his dick? Or his tongue in her slit?

Joan shot me another look. The man

VARIATIONS

WATCHING MY WIFE



said, “No problem, ma’am. It was my pleasure.”

“Oh, I’m glad,” Joan said, and then she started to undress. That fucking amazing body of hers came out to play in seconds—her white peasant blouse up and off, her jeans down and kicked away. The man coughed. He seemed out of his league. Joan took him by the hand and led him to the bed. I wasn’t as close as I usually am. Often, I get to sit on the edge of the mattress while Joan takes care of her lovers. But this was good in a different way. A new way.

Joan spread her legs. She started to touch herself. The man said, “I should...”

“Oh, yes, you should.”

Her fingertips strummed her slick, shaved pussy. I knew that later on this evening I would be tasting that sweet snatch myself. I’d be up in there, my face to her cunt, licking all of her juices away and hopefully tasting the tang of this man’s spunk as well. My cock vibrated fiercely at that thought.

The young buck looked around the room with almost awestruck panic. Was this a joke? Was she serious?

“What’s your name?” Joan asked.

“Buddy,” he said, almost as if he had never spoken before.

“Get your ass over here, Buddy,” Joan

said. As soon as she said the words, he seemed to understand that this was no dream. This was real. And forever, he would be telling his friends about the time that a beautiful blonde had fucked him. Just fucked him. Totally out of the blue. He joined her on the bed. She nearly tore his clothes off him. Soon, I was watching my wife and her video pro star in their own X-rated movie.

A little belatedly, I checked my office door to make sure it was locked. I did not want to be disturbed. I slid on headphones so I could listen to the sounds of my wife and her lover without worrying about any of my coworkers. Then I unbuttoned my slacks, unzipped my fly, and took out my dick. I was going to come when she did. That was my plan.

Joan, of course, had a plan of her own. Multiple plans, or so it seemed. She had instructed Buddy to position more than one camera in the bedroom. I wondered how she’d explained that. “We keep precious items scattered all around the room?” I could guess that she’d made a serious argument for their need. Now, I flicked from one angle to the next, and I could see Joan take him in her mouth. He was big and thick, thicker than me. But I didn’t care. What I cared about was watching my wife deep-throat this

new lover boy of hers. She got up on her haunches and then tackled him to the base of his bone. He put his hands on her shoulders and let his head fall back. I clicked from camera to camera. There were four! My baby had done me right, and she was doing him right. That was for sure.

She got his dick slick and slippery, then moved so that she was facing the headboard, offering herself to him from behind. He seemed to understand what she wanted, and he also appeared to be a lot less insecure than he’d been at the start of the show. He held her hips, slotted his spit-slick dick between her primed pussy lips, and plunged. I went clickety-click from camera to camera, trying to decide which angle worked the best for me. Did I want to watch Joan’s face? Did I want to see the spot where they were joined? The answer to all of those queries was: yes. Yes, I did. Whatever I could. Anything I could get.

Later, I would have Joan tell me how he’d felt inside her. I’d want her to explain which part of the ride was different from when I’m fucking her. For now, I could only watch. That’s what I thought at first. Until Joan began talking. Thank God I had my headset on. My wife can be dirtier than fuck when she wants to be. She let loose now.

“Oh, Jesus, that’s perfect. Your dick hits me in all the right spots.”

He seemed pleased with her words. Then she kept going. “I want to feel you in my ass.”

There was nothing for a second. He had frozen. So had she. So had I, truth be told. His dick in her ass? Would she like that? I knew she would. Joan loves anal, especially with a new man.

“Do you have lube?” His question came out whisper-soft.

Joan pointed, and he followed her lead. Then he slid out of her tight snatch and slicked himself up. I got to see his hand working his shaft. He was dripping pre-come with anticipation. We had

something in common because I was, too.

My wife knew which camera to pout for. She gave me a pretty smile, and then she turned and pulled her ass cheeks apart, so that her little backdoor winked at me. I groaned and then bit my lip to silence myself. It would do me no good to raise the concerns of my coworkers. My cock was practically jerking itself. I held on tight and pulled on my rod as Buddy pressed his cockhead to Joan's backdoor. One push and he was in. Joan cried out. I wished I could. Buddy held her tightly by the hips and sawed his lubed pole in and out. My lithesome wife toggled her clit while he fucked her, frigging herself faster and faster. I switched from camera to camera, so I could follow in their actions in as much detail as possible.

When Buddy came, he howled. Joanie didn't reach her limits at the same time. She held on, and I wondered if she was guessing what I needed in order to come. With a grin, she looked directly at me. Then she said, "You're next, baby. Come on home. Fill me up. You know I'm waiting."

I came in my fist, knowing I'd be hard again by the time I reached our house. Knowing that Buddy would be gone, but that Joan would be waiting. Another man's cream would be inside her. Her body ripe and ready for all I had to give.

—C.M., Miami, Florida

**"I PULLED ON MY
ROD AS BUDDY
PRESSED HIS
COCK TO JOAN'S
BACKDOOR."**

KINKY INVITATION

answered the phone, and the voice on the other end said, "Mona?"

"Hey, Danny," I replied automatically. "I can't wait to suck your big, fat dick tonight."

There was silence. The kind of silence that lets you know you've fallen into a big pit of social awkwardness. The voice on the other end was silent. I cleared my throat and asked hesitantly, "Danny?"

"No, Mona, this is Ryan."

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Ryan was one of my husband Ted's coworkers. I'd met him a few times, often enough to know what he looked like—barrel-chested, red-haired—but not often enough to know what his dick looked like, or to offer to suck it.

I took a risk and tried for a joke. I even dredged up a laugh from somewhere deep within myself. "Hey, Ryan," I trilled. "I was just fooling around with this friend

of mine." Bad choice of words. Fooling around. Add another fuck to the pile. "I mean messing," I tried. "We have this twisted sense of humor, you know."

Ryan cleared his throat. "Okay, yeah. I was calling for Ted. I was going to let him know I'll be running late tonight."

I could feel sweat on my brow. Tonight. Because Ted was going to be playing darts with his coworkers while I was going to be sucking off Danny, our next-door neighbor. At a specified time, Ted would come home, "catch" me with Danny, and spank me in front of our longtime fuck buddy. We had the whole thing perfectly choreographed. But now Ryan was involved. Or, if not involved, then obviously curious.

"I'll tell Ted," I stuttered into the receiver, and then I hung up before I could get myself into any more trouble. But maybe I'd found exactly the right amount of trouble. Not two minutes later, the phone rang again. I was hesitant, but



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WATCHING MY WIFE



"I CAME IN A RUSH LIKE A WILDFIRE, MY MUSCLES SQUEEZING RYAN TO HIS CLIMAX."

relieved, when it was Danny on the other end. Sadly, he let me know he couldn't make our rendezvous. I assured him we could reschedule, and then I called Ted at work and told him everything. From start to finish. I had an idea he'd be able to use his magic marketing tongue and woo Ryan to the dark side. I thought even then that my mouth would get a workout before the night was over and my ass would be spanked a pretty hue of pink.

Ryan didn't call to tell me he'd stop by. He simply showed up at the time I'd normally expect Danny. There he stood, on the front porch, and I had to give it to him.

He didn't appear nervous at all. He let me invite him in, and then he was on me.

"I heard what you said," he said in a husky voice. "About sucking off Danny. I know that wasn't a joke. Ted explained the whole thing."

He was pushing me to my knees as he spoke, and I found myself with my mouth full of his cock in seconds. I was so turned on by the change of events that I started to stroke myself. Ryan was having none of that.

"You don't touch yourself until I say you can," he said. I let my hand fall to the side. "And you're not going to come until after your spanking."

Who knew? I thought. Who knew that this straight-looking coworker of Ted's could be so filthy? It was quite a surprise. What happened next was even more of a surprise as the door opened and Ted walked in. So there would be no "catching" tonight. My husband would be watching from the get-go. He had himself in check, appeared to be fully composed, but I could see he was as turned on as I was. I know all of his tells.

Ryan seemed to have been waiting for his arrival before beginning the main event. He pulled me to our living room

sofa and bent me over his lap. Then I was getting my bottom smacked by my new lover while my husband drank in every dirty moment. It seemed that this was going to be a quickie because I could feel how hard Ryan's cock was beneath me. He gave me a few harsh slaps—something to whet my appetite for the future—before having me undress and bounce up and down on his lap. I was faced toward Ted, so that we could lock eyes while Ryan fucked me. That connection is what always does Ted in. He stared at me, and he took out his fist and he started to work his meat in his fist while Ryan filled me up with every stroke.

It was only a matter of seconds before my pussy started to pulse. I could feel that tickling vibration start deep inside. My clit felt twice its normal size. I wondered if my new lover could tell. I shouldn't have worried. He brought one big mitt to my split and rubbed me perfectly while he speared me with his dick. I came in a rush like a wildfire, my muscles squeezing Ryan to his own climax, my hair whipping around my face as I cried out my bliss.

Ryan let me slide off him, and I nearly melted to the floor.

"How's my bad girl?" Ted asked as he came—the last of the trio to reach his reward. "How's my bad little wife?"

Satisfied, I would have said. Except I wasn't. Even after a climax that intense. I wanted more. Luckily for me, we had the whole night ahead of us, and nowhere to go but higher.

—S.M., Wichita, Kansas

Do you think there's nothing sexier than watching your woman with a lover? Do you help set up the scene, choosing what she'll wear and who she'll screw? Or do you leave the details up to your wicked wife? We want to hear all about her extramarital adventures. Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

A woman with long, wavy brown hair is reclining in a black leather chair. She is topless, looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are crossed at the ankles, wearing black leather boots. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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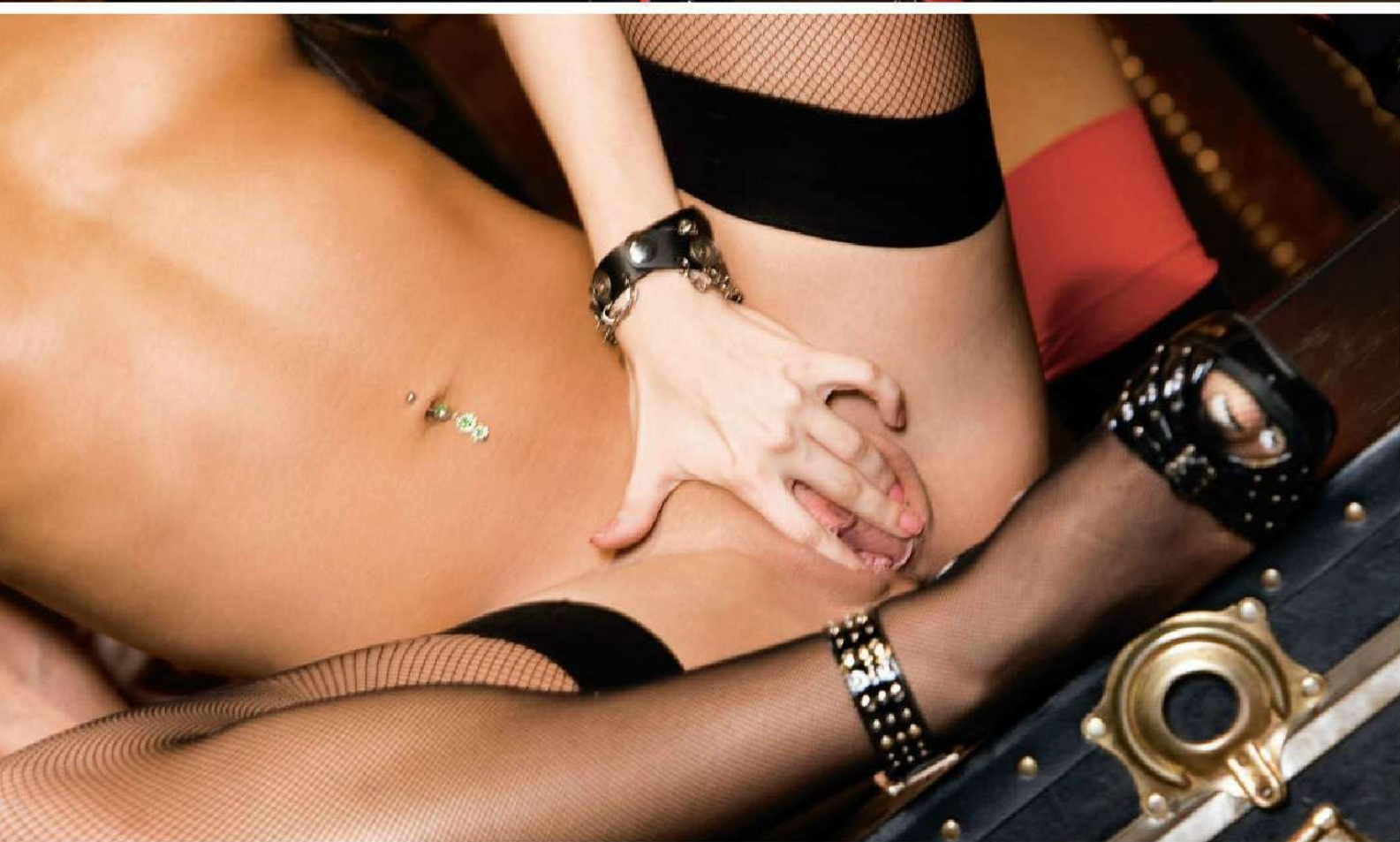
“TOYING WITH A SEXY BLONDE
GETS MY MOTOR RUNNING!”

—ALYSSA











DESSERT AT EIGHT

A misbehaving sub receives his favorite sort of punishment as his domme wife cuckolds him in a spectacularly kinky fashion.

By Michael Vanwell

Dessert at eight," Marissa called out when I was walking out the door. She didn't say, "Dinner at eight," she said *dessert*. And I knew what that meant. Dessert meant that I'd been a good sub, that I was getting a reward, a cherry on the top of my ice cream. That is, if a cherry means an orgasm or some other pervy treat. I could tell from her tone of voice alone that I was in for one sexy fuck of a night. "Dessert" lingered in my mind all day, our code word for what happens when Marissa invites one of her lovers over to dominate while I watch and pleasure myself. I did my best to maintain my composure throughout the normal workday, but mostly I thought of the way Marissa looks when she's punishing her boy toys. She's always beautiful to me, but there's a change when she's in domme mode. I love the fierce gleam to her deep-set brown eyes. She plays the part with effortless precision, combing her glistening wheat-blond hair straight off her high forehead, making sure her lips are painted a deep blood-red. When she's Mistress Marissa, her whole countenance is one of power and strength.

She exudes that combination in such a heady way. I get high off the whiff of her essence.

Sadly, I'm a weak man. I jacked off in the bathroom at lunch, envisioning what treats I might arrive home to, what parade of pleasures Marissa might have in store for me. My hand was a blur on my rock-hard cock as I thought of the times before, the many different situations I've fallen into. Marissa maintains a small stable of men who come to pay her homage, who bend to her will. They live to serve her the way I do, but I'm the

lucky fuck who is married to her—who is hers to use and tease and torment 24/7. What would she do tonight?

Some men enjoy watching their wives be fucked by other men. I get as much of a rush when my wife's the one doing the fucking. Maybe even more of a rush. I love the way her sub lovers look when they give themselves over to her erotic whims.

I remembered our last "dessert." She had allowed me to stand next to her

**"SHE GAVE HIM A
TUG ON HIS RIGID
DICK, AND HE
SHOT ALL OVER
THE SHINY
FURNITURE."**

while one of her well-spanked subs had licked her boots clean. I'd watched from the best vantage point possible as he'd lapped and licked every millimeter of the shiny vinyl. Then she'd allowed him the reward of coming on those glossy boots, with the understanding that he'd have to clean them again. That had been one hell of a dessert for everyone. I wondered if tonight would include something similar, or maybe she'd push the envelope further. Might she wear one of her strap-ons?

She hadn't told me not to touch myself in anticipation of our playdate, but I knew she wouldn't be pleased, knew that I

would have to confess what I'd done. That was the only part I wasn't looking forward to. And yet, wasn't that also the part that ultimately made me shoot my wad? I am nothing except a ball of conflicting emotions.

I called Marissa on the drive home. I told her right away that I'd taken the time to get myself off at work. There was silence on her end of the line. I could imagine her pursing her cherry-red lips, could envision the expression of displeasure on her lovely face. She drew in a breath, and then she said, "Well, I guess that changes my plans."

"How?" I stuttered. "How does it?"

"You'll see for yourself, won't you, Michael?" she countered, and she disconnected the line before I could ask her for any further information. Now, I wondered what her plans had been and what her new plans were. I hoped I wouldn't be exiled from the party. I wanted in. I wanted to be involved.

When I arrived home, the door was unlocked, but Marissa wasn't waiting for me in the front room. I heard the sound of voices, and I realized she had at least one guest, and that she and whoever was with her were already in our guest room—the one she's had outfitted as a dungeon. I took off my suit, stripped down to my black boxers, and as humbly as I possibly could, crawled down the hall and into the room. There was Marissa in a shiny black catsuit. On the floor at her feet was our upstairs neighbor, Tim. It's not by chance that Tim lives one floor up. He is Marissa's favorite pet aside from me, and when the apartment in our building opened, she'd suggested he rent it for easy access. Tim's blissful expression let me know he was already halfway to heaven. He was naked. There



were clamps on his nipples, and his cock was at full mast.

Marissa gave me withering look that made me very sad I'd jerked off at work. I ought to have been able to hold out. I should have been good. "Michael," she said coldly, "sit in your chair."

I glanced in the corner. There was the punishment chair. The one with no actual seat in the frame. I could sit on the rim of it, and Marissa could have her way with me however she wanted. I took off my boxers without her having to tell me to, and then I sat and waited for her to cuff my hands to the armrests, the way she always did when I was being punished; this night was no exception.

My cock was as hard as Tim's. The difference? Tim was going to experience Marissa's attention, while I would have to sit and watch from a distance without any relief. Of course, I love watching Marissa in action, so this was definitely the type of punishment I could withstand. However, being denied a close-up view of her deviant artistry made me wistful and not being able to stroke my cock was sheer torture.

"If you'd waited," Marissa cooed, "you'd have had a front-row seat, with your dick in hand. Then Tim would have watched while you and I played. Instead, you're going to be the audience tonight

and there will be no orgasm for you."

Before she ignored me completely, Marissa inserted a well-lubed plug into my ass. That would give me something to focus on while I watched her torment Tim. I relaxed around the plug as much as I could, but the toy definitely let me know it was there.

Then it was go time. Marissa gave Tim his first challenge.

"Let's see if you can get me off with your tongue in the next five minutes," she said, and she unzipped a special part of the suit and revealed her shaved naked pussy. "If you can make me come using only your tongue, I'll reward you." I watched as she set an alarm on her fancy wristwatch. Then she settled back on the vinyl sofa, parted her legs, and waited for Tim to go to work. He wasted no time. He lapped at her like a wild man, and even though I could not see his tongue actually delving into her folds, I could see Marissa's expression begin to soften as he took her higher and higher. But then he did the unthinkable. He brought one hand up and stroked her pussy, and Marissa was on him like a hell beast.

"I said with your tongue. Only your tongue!"

In a flash, there was a crop in her hand. Tim found himself bent over the sofa with his ass in the air as Marissa told him to

count. My cock bobbed with every blow, as if I was the one on the receiving end of her punishment stick. I do love to be in that position. Watching, however, came a close second in my world. I felt my cock twitch; the urge to climax from the visual before me was strong. Then I felt Marissa's eyes on me. She seemed intuitively wired to understanding my desires. I felt her unforgiving gaze caress me. "Don't you dare," was all she said, her words warning me not to shoot. "You won't find yourself in Tim's place. It will be much worse for you."

I wondered if "worse" might mean better, but I told myself I didn't need to risk it. I had already come once. I could wait. I could assure my willful cock that it must behave. I could...

Marissa then did something cruel. To me, at least. She put a vinyl glove on one hand and poured a puddle of lube into her palm. Then she started to stroke Tim's balls. I groaned. She shot me a look. I knew what that look meant. I bit my lip. She slowly slid her pointer into Tim's tight rear door. I forced myself to remain quiet. Then she resumed his discipline session. While Tim did everything he could to hold himself in check for his mistress—and my wife—I watched his ass cheeks growing redder, his cock bobbing joyfully, his head lolling this way and that. She had him in such a state. Would he come? Would he cry? She whipped him until he managed to whisper, "Mistress, may I? Please, may I?"

He was on the cusp. I could read his body language. Whether or not she gave him permission, she was going to have a shower of semen all over the sofa, white ropes of come in a primal pattern of pleasure. She gave him a tug on his rigid dick, told him to make her happy, and he shot all over the shiny furniture. Mistress chose that sofa for a reason. She can wipe the surface clean with a quick spit and polish, unlike a fabric-upholstered job.

Tim was obviously demolished after

VARIATIONS

▾ FEMALE DOMINATION

his orgasm. His whole body trembled for several seconds and beads of sweat dripped from his forehead. I wondered what my icy wife had next up her vinyl sleeve. Would she release him? Release me? Or would she continue to torment and treat her lucky sub?

I shouldn't have wondered. The night was young. She let Tim recover, and then removed the clamps from his nipples, kissed each one lightly, and then bent him over the spanking horse. While I watched, my own cock unfulfilled and demanding, she locked her boy toy into place, wrists and ankles cuffed to the contraption. Then she grabbed a nearby pitcher and poured herself a drink of water. That seemed unexpected to me. She was taking a breather? My mistress can go all night without pause. I watched as she fished a cube of ice from the glass. Then she approached the bound sub and ran the ice along his spine.

Had he trembled before? Now, he shivered—as much as he could being so well bound. I slowly drew in my own breath, imagining how the ice would feel on my skin and picturing my lovely wife doing to me what she was doing to Tim. The lucky stiff. After letting the ice melt in rivulets down his muscular back, she licked along the trails of water. He moaned, and she stiffened. “Silence,” she barked, and he instantly quieted himself.

What was next? What was next?

She stood a few steps in front of my chair, locked eyes with me, and then undid her catsuit. I watched her unzip the length slowly, and then peel off the formfitting material. She was glorious naked, but she didn't stay that way for long. Tim couldn't see what she was up to. Not from his bent-over position. But I could. She went to her chest of toys and removed a harness and a thick phallus. Oh, her sub was in for a special treat. Dessert of the sweetest variety. Marissa came to the front of the horse so that Tim could see her if he moved his head. When he caught sight of the vision that

is Marissa with a strap-on, he struggled to stay silent. I could tell he wanted to beg her. Hell, I wanted to beg her. But I knew my place. Marissa would take care of Tim, and then if I were really and truly lucky, she would relent and take care of me. I didn't deserve a reward. I knew that, and she knew that. But I couldn't stop myself from hoping.

She snagged the lube from a shelf and oiled up her shaft. Her fingers caressed the synthetic dick as lovingly as if it were flesh and blood. Sometimes, Marissa lets me lube her, allowing me to participate in one of her sessions. But I was in no state for that now, not bound as I was, not punished as I was. This was torture.

**“SLOWLY, ALMOST
ACHINGLY
SLOWLY, SHE
BEGAN TO FUCK
HERSELF ON
MY COCK.”**

She took her time, and I could see Tim dreaming of the way it would feel when she finally impaled him, when she introduced that monster of a cock to his tight back door. My anus twitched as I wished I were the one over that horse. I know the feeling in my soul. Why wasn't I being prepped for a good, sound fucking? Why had I given in to my whims? Why had I not been made of steel and metal?

I answered my own query silently: because if I were strong, I'd be of no use to Marissa. As much as I live to watch her with other men, she lives to perform for me. She adores dressing up like the domme goddess that she is and

punishing and pleasing the various men who crave only to serve her. And it makes her even hotter to do this when I'm bound and “forced” to passively watch her every move.

We are matched. Well matched. But that didn't stop me from fantasizing. Right up until she parted Tim's sculpted rear cheeks, I imagined her setting him free and binding me instead. There was a chance, wasn't there? An inkling, a flicker of hope that she might take pity on me?

No, not tonight.

She held his ass cheeks wide open. She called him her good boy, told him how proud she was of him, instructed him to hold steady for her. Then she squirted a generous amount of lube right onto his hole. I tightened on the butt plug that was corkscrewed into my own ass. My muscles hugged and released it. My poor dick throbbed. Helplessly, I watched as she roughly spread the gelatinous liquid up and down Tim's hidden valley. At this less than subtle touch, Tim groaned. Immediately, he seemed to realize what he'd done, and he whispered, “I'm sorry, Mistress.”

The light in Marissa's eyes was piercing. She was loving every second of this scene. She was about to fuck this handsome sub, and she was going to do so while I watched. Every bit of this interaction worked as much for her as it did for me. She took a deep breath, anchored Tim with her hands on his hips, and then thrust. I noted that she didn't give him any time to warm up, to grow accustomed to the way her dick felt against his asshole. She started to thrust fiercely from that very first interaction, the first intrusion of the dildo's bulbous head into his tight orifice. I was the one to groan then. I couldn't help myself. I watched with my eyes wide open, drinking in the beautiful way they worked together. Marissa knew she had some time to play. After all, Tim had already creamed all over her sofa. She fucked him to a steady rhythm, in and out of his



backdoor at a beat she must have been playing in her head.

I wished I could jerk my cock to the same beat. And although there was a part of me that still wished I was the one being fucked the way Tim was being fucked—my own asshole speared by Marissa's synthetic cock, my whole world in her capable dominant hands—there was a more honest part of me that disagreed. Yes, as quickly as I had that wish, my inner voice called foul. There was nothing higher to me than accepting my fate as Marissa's top sub. Watching her manhandle the lover of her choosing while being forced to remain exactly as she'd placed me took me higher than anything else.

She used one oiled hand to slowly work Tim's reinvigorated dick. He lowered his head, and I heard him start to beg. "May I, Mistress?"

"No, you may not."

"Please, Mistress."

"Not if you know what's good for you."

He shook all over. I wondered how long he'd last.

"Oh, God. Please, Mistress."

Finally, she took pity.

"You may come," she granted him, and almost simultaneous to her words, he shot off once more. For someone who had already climaxed once, he still had a surprising amount of spunk left in him.

It was over fairly quickly after that. Marissa unbound her lover and set him free. He gave me a quick look that I took as jealousy mixed with sympathy, and then he hurriedly dressed and let himself out. What would happen next? Was dessert at eight still an option for me? Marissa unfastened her harness and came toward me. To my delight, she set me free, and then she removed the plug and pushed me down on my back on the floor. Squatting over me, she took the head of my cock between her pillowy nether lips. Slowly, almost

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
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achingly slowly, she began to fuck herself on my cock. Without being told what to do, I knew. I held myself entirely still. My wife brought herself to her first orgasm in a snap. She must have been seriously primed from fucking Tim. The next climax was slower. She really eked out every drop of pleasure, grinding her hips, pushing her pussy all the way to the base of my dick. I would have stroked her pert nipples, cradled her luscious breasts, but without a direct command, I didn't move.

"Do you want to taste me?" she whispered, looking directly into my eyes.

I nodded, helpless with desire. "Yes, Marissa," I responded. "Yes, Mistress."

Dessert at eight? I got mine. And I went back. For seconds.

Marissa knows exactly how to feed my erotic hunger yet always keeps me craving more. 



WATCHING THE WAITRESS

Walter catches an erotic eyeful when a mouth-watering waitress is on the menu for him and his domme wife.

By Walter Simmons

“You know what that girl needs?” my wife commented. I turned to see which girl she was indicating. Simone had her eyes locked on our waitress, a blonde-haired fluffy thing, all curly locks and pursed lips. We were at a high-end restaurant, celebrating a bit of good news that had come our way. The waitress, like the rest of the wait staff, had on a crisp white shirt and neat black slacks. Her outfit was mildly androgynous, but the tousle of curls spilling free and the candy-pink lipstick made her seem luxuriously feminine.

“What does she need?” I asked, my voice hushed.

“Oh, you can guess, can’t you?” Simone leaned back in the sumptuous velvet chair, regarding me now from under her long, lovely lashes. That night, my wife had worn her long dark hair in a high ponytail. She had donned one of my favorite of her dresses, a shimmery emerald green number with a dangerously low “V” in the front. Her full breasts were practically on display. I had watched every man—and quite a few of the women—who passed her by taking a hearty eyeful of her curvaceous cleavage. The waitress, herself, had seemed awed by my wife’s luminous beauty.

“I think you know,” Simone said. She lifted her wineglass and took a sip, and I could see her appreciating the expensive bouquet. Simone lives for life’s pleasures. She is a gourmand in and out of the bedroom. I had the distinct sensation that tonight, before too long, she’d have made a meal of our waitress.

The younger woman approached our table with a fresh glass of burgundy. She hadn’t even been asked. She seemed to

want to pay tribute to my queenly bride. But when she set down the goblet, her hand shook, and the blood-red liquid sloshed over the edge and onto the pristine tablecloth. My wife made a “tsk” noise with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. The waitress went scarlet.

“Excuse me, ma’am,” she stammered. “This was a free glass, a courtesy...” she trailed off. My wife lit up with the attention. Her posture is always straight,

“SIMONE SMILED AT ME AND LANDED THE FIRST BLOW ON THE WAITRESS’S NAKED SKIN.”

but she seemed to somehow grow even more erect.

The waitress apologized more profusely. Her cheeks were such a bright peony. She took the glass away and came back immediately with a fresh one. When she set down the glass, she ducked and curtsied, seemingly desperate for Simone’s approval.

Simone cocked her head at me and waited. I guessed she wanted me to paint a scenario for her, what I thought she wanted to do to the waitress. Or with the waitress. Simone and I have what others might consider an unusual relationship. We are committed, loving spouses. But Simone does her best

to make my deepest fantasies come true—and these fantasies always involve watching her with another partner.

I had a feeling I knew what my wife was getting at tonight, but I didn’t want to guess incorrectly. Simone waited a beat, then admired our waitress openly. My wife is happy being with women or men; she doesn’t have a preference when it comes to our thirds.

“She’ll do just fine, won’t she?” Simone posited, as if my desires were the only things that mattered. As if she only had my best interests at heart.

“Yes,” I agreed. My dick was hard in my charcoal-gray slacks at the thought of Simone and the pretty young thing. I could caption each frame I saw in my mind. Simone kissing her new pet, undressing the waitress, perhaps tormenting her before allowing her to reach the type of pleasure she’d only fantasized about. Simone is an expert lover. She does not stop until she’s sure her bedmates are not only satisfied, but that they’ll dream of her forever after. That they’ll come knocking at her door—our door—in the middle of the night, craving something only she can give.

“Then I’ll make this happen for you,” Simone said magnanimously.

My wife has a wicked smile. I can tell when she’s plotting something deliciously kinky simply by the way the corners of her lips turn up ever so slightly. It’s as if she’s almost ready to share what she’s thinking, but not quite. Not yet. I’d seen that look when she watched the waitress spill the little bit of her drink on the table. Seen that devious plotting look in her bright green eyes. I didn’t say anything, because when Simone looks like that, I don’t want to disturb her. I don’t want to get in her way. From past

experiences, I was sure I'd find out her plan before too much time had passed.

Simone paid for the meal, and I saw that she left her card with the tip. She didn't under tip. She doesn't mind nervous slipups. She simply wrote a note to the waitress, and then we were on our way.

In the car, I should have held my tongue. But my dick was as hard as a table leg. As Simone was driving, that smile still in place, I asked, "What did you write?"

"Do you really want to know?"

Did I? Yes. Would it cost me? I guessed so.

"Yes," I said softly.

"Are you sure?"

I nodded.

"I can't hear you."

"Yes," I said again, and then I added "ma'am" for good measure, the way the waitress had whispered "ma'am," as well.

"You'll have to wait," she said, and she continued to drive in silence until her cell phone rang. Then she let herself grin widely, and she told me to answer.

I didn't recognize the number, so I answered somewhat tentatively. As soon as the woman on the other end spoke, I knew Simone had wooed our waitress.

"Tell her where we live," she said. "Tell her to be there as soon as possible to claim what I promised." I did as told and afterward queried, "What did you promise?"

"Do you really want to know?" Simone was obviously enjoying herself. I was conflicted. I could guess what she'd written on the note. Something sexy. Something kinky.

"Tell me," I said, my voice hushed.

"Let's make it a surprise," Simone said, and she pulled us into the driveway. I followed my wife to the house, watching her supple body moving beneath the formfitting dress. She is all long lines, slim limbs. But powerful. I'd been aware throughout dinner that she and the waitress had engaged in a little light



VARIATIONS

▾ SPANKING



“MARISOL MADE MEWING HAPPY NOISES AS SHE STARTED TO EAT OUT MY WIFE.”

flirting. I wondered if the girl knew exactly what she'd gotten herself into. When Simone is in the driver's seat (in or out of a car), things tend to go her way.

My luscious wife went to the bedroom. “To get ready,” she told me. I was instructed to prepare for our guest. As I bustled around in the kitchen and living room, filling the ice bucket and mixing drinks, I replayed the evening in my head. The waitress had been delightful from the start of dinner, but a little bit accident prone, once dropping a fork and then forgetting Simone's appetizer. I wondered now whether that had all been a ruse, an act to garner my wife's attention, which she definitely had done. When the doorbell sounded, I hurried to let in our guest. But Simone called out to me.

“I will greet her.”

My wife strode down the hall in her tallest heels. In one hand, she held a paddle. I felt my cock throb. I hoped that our newest plaything would want to stay once she caught sight of Simone. Would she have it in her to take what my wife dished out?

I stood a few steps back. Simone opened the door, and there stood Marisol, wearing a black coat and holding

a bottle of something sparkly. She looked Simone up and down, peeked around her at me, and then stepped right inside. She didn't appear frightened in the least. Her eyes looked wide and hungry, and her cheeks were flushed.

I took the bottle that she offered as Simone gripped her by the hand and led her into the sitting room. I could hear their voices—Simone's louder, Marisol's hushed and subservient. I wondered what they were saying. By the time I entered the room, things had progressed past my wildest desires. Marisol's jacket was discarded over one of our armchairs. Her shoes were lined up neatly at the foot of the couch. The waitress had changed out of her uniform before coming over. She had on a knee-length black skirt with her crisp white blouse. Simone had Marisol draped over her lap, and she was paddling the girl through her skirt.

There was no need for drinks to break the ice; no one to bother with the snacks. I set down the tray on the end table and found a spot for myself in the nearest chair. My wife met my eyes and winked. I would have winked back, but I didn't want to shut my eyes. Not even for a second. I wondered what color Marisol's

panties were. I didn't have to wonder for long. Simone motioned for me to bring her a glass of the bubbly. I hurried to her side. She took a sip, licked her lips, and handed the flute back to me. Then, as unrushed as ever, she slowly dragged Marisol's skirt up by the hem. Together, we watched the waitress's slender thighs come into plain view. She had on thigh-high stockings, and—what was this? *No panties! What cheek!* I thought, and then bit down on a laugh. Two cheeks, really. Her curvaceous hind end was bared and ready for Simone's paddle.

I sat down once more, working to adjust myself because my hard-on was tenting my slacks. Simone pressed the paddle against Marisol's pale pink bottom.

“Do you want this?” my wife asked softly.

“Yes,” Marisol responded.

“Say ‘please.’”

“Please spank me,” Marisol squeaked, and then she added, “Mistress,” which led me to believe that she'd been in a position like this before, at least in her fantasies. She knew the words, could play the part.

Simone smiled at me, lifted the paddle, and landed the first blow on the waitress's naked skin. I felt a quake all the way to my core as if I was the one being spanked.

“What do you want?” Simone

asked, and I suddenly realized she was addressing me. I cleared my throat, met my wife's gaze, and said, "Make her come."

"How should I do that?"

"Spank her until she's so wet she can't stand it."

Simone grinned at me. Marisol turned her head so that her eyes met mine. She had her bottom lip captured between her teeth. She was rocking on Simone's lap. I wondered if she was trying to make contact with her clit on Simone's knee. I wondered what her pussy looked like.

Simone took my instructions to heart. She started to truly paddle our naughty waitress. The device whispered in the air with each blow. Marisol didn't make a noise. The sound in the room was an echo of applause, that paddle slapping against the girl's beautiful bottom over and over.

"Check her," Simone told me.

I came close, parted Marisol's thighs, and let my fingertips broach her pussy lips. She was dripping.

"She's very wet," I said.

"Good," Simone said. She pushed Marisol off her lap and told the girl to follow her. We were going to a new place. I could guess it was the bedroom, and I was right. Simone led our pert plaything down the hall to the master bedroom. Here, she had Marisol strip completely and spread herself faceup on the mattress. Then she took off her own clothes and settled herself into a 69—with Simone on top, of course.

I moved around the bed, wanting to get as close to the action as I could. I wondered how Marisol was enjoying Simone's tangy flavor. I wondered how the girl felt with her hot ass pressed against our cool sheets.

Simone has had me in similar positions, with a well-spanked butt on our king-size mattress. Marisol made mewing happy noises as she started to eat out my lovely wife. I sucked in my breath and won a whiff of the heady scent of



two beautiful women who couldn't get enough of each other. I watched as Simone really delved into Marisol's pussy. She drew apart the younger woman's petals and licked and lapped at the dewy interior. Marisol seemed to be as adventurous, as enthusiastic, as my wife. I moved around the mattress, checking out one angle and then another.

Suddenly, Marisol came. It was obvious when the climax flared through her. She stiffened entirely, and then she threw her head back and cried out her pleasure. Simone let her luxuriate in her bliss for several seconds, before muffling

her once more. I watched my wife settle back down on Marisol's open mouth. She rubbed her pussy forcefully against the waitress's lips and tongue, grinding to gain the exact pressure she desired. To my total delight, my wife came right then, a few seconds after her new lover had. Witnessing each orgasm was breathtaking to me. Simone cried out, as well, but her throaty victory howl was much deeper than the blonde's. Her lust was primal.

What would happen next? Would the two women take a breather? Would they adjourn to our bathroom to bathe?

VARIATIONS

▸ SPANKING

I leaned against the wall as Simone slid her body off Marisol's face. Then I saw her heading for the nightstand, and I had an inkling of her plans. Marisol rolled over to see what Simone was doing. In seconds, Simone had a vibrator in her fist and a question on her lips.

"Are you ready?"

Marisol eyed the thick dildo, and then she settled on her back against the mountains of pillows at our headboard

**"TO MY DELIGHT,
MY WIFE CAME
RIGHT THEN,
SECONDS AFTER
HER LOVER HAD."**

and parted her thighs. I moved closer. Simone would let me know if I was interfering. Sometimes she likes me to be so close she can feel my breath on her skin. Other times, she appreciates more of a distant audience. Right now, she hardly seemed to notice I was there at all. She ran the tip of the dildo up and down Marisol's shaved pussy lips. I got the chance to see that the blonde had not a wisp of down on her split. She was entirely bare and her juices gleamed on her puffy lips.

Simone slid the tip of the dildo inside Marisol. The waitress groaned and raised her hips. I held my breath, as if I was the one being pleased. But, in a way, I was. Simone understands the way my inner workings are wired. I live to watch her pleasure and tease her partners. Nothing ratchets up my own excitement more than being a viewer. I know that everything she does is choreographed for me.

Now, she had Marisol spread her thighs even wider apart. Gently, she

inserted the dildo all the way to the base. Then she turned on the motor. The toy rumbled within our newest lover. Marisol's eyelids fluttered. She clutched Simone's shoulders, as if searching for purchase. I could see how the motor was ramping her up. I could see the desire to come again building within her.

To Marisol's dismay, Simone removed the toy. "Roll over," she instructed her nubile plaything. Marisol gave Simone a look of pure curious hunger, and then rolled over to display her still-pink bottom. Simone reached into our toy drawer and retrieved a second, smaller vibrator. She used this one to directly stimulate Marisol's pretty little pucker. The girl held on to a pillow and whimpered. I knew what was going to happen next. I wondered if she did, if she could guess my wife's wicked plans.

"Up on all fours," Simone barked.

Marisol obeyed immediately. She was a little shaky. I noticed that her arms were trembling, the muscles of her inner thighs quivering slightly. What would my wife do next? What pleasure awaited her?

Simone brought both toys into play at once. Marisol and I gasped in tandem. The nymphet must have been in heaven, I thought, with both of her orifices being stimulated. Simone worked like a magician, tantalizing our new bedmate's holes in the most decadent manner. I took in the look of fierce concentration on Simone's face. She seemed to be slowly building the climax within Marisol, edging her higher and higher with the two toys, until with a great shuddering cry, the blonde succumbed.

This orgasm was transcendent. She shook the whole bed and then collapsed to the sheets. Simone removed the toys, and then she shot me a look of dreamy pleasure. She seemed delighted by the way Marisol was working out for us. She'd chosen wisely. But then, she always does.

I wondered if that was it. The end of the show. I think Marisol wondered





the same thing. Should she gather her belongings? Thank her new mistress? Simone answered the silent query for us.

"Come to the shower, pet," she said to Marisol. "We'll refresh ourselves before starting anew."

I hurried ahead of the women and turned on the water in our large, glassed-in shower. I would be able to stand outside and watch—until the steam coated the glass. Maybe, if I was lucky—and I am always lucky—Simone would invite me into the humid interior. I could wash her if she'd let me, or simply watch her as she ran the mobile showerhead along Marisol's body.

My dick—my poor dick—throbbed in anticipation. No, I hadn't gotten my rocks off yet, but I would. I knew that. Where Simone is concerned, I always reach my peak with the most explosive results.

The two women came into the bathroom with their arms around each other. Simone stroked my face as she passed me, and then said, "Take off your clothes, baby. You'll want to be nice and close for this."

I felt a swelling inside me, and not just my dick. Simone was going to let

me watch in the warm wetness of the shower. I followed the two ladies into our massive shower space, and then I settled back from them. Simone immediately did as I'd expected. She removed the handheld showerhead from the base and used the spray to adorn Marisol's body with crystalline droplets. I would have licked those droplets up myself, but Simone was right there, following the trail of the spray with her own tongue. I was desperate to touch myself but didn't dare until Simone gave me permission. Then she looked at me and said, "You may."

I fisted my dick—so hard, so primed—and I began to jerk myself off while Simone showered her lover with water and affection. Marisol still seemed a bit dazed from her recent orgasm. Simone appeared to want to keep her this way. She brought the massaging spray between Marisol's thighs and danced the rotations over her pussy.

Marisol cried out, and the sound of her voice reverberated within the walls. I kept pumping my cock in my fist as Simone spun Marisol around and taunted her with the water between her ass cheeks. My heart was pounding. I wondered if

Marisol felt the same way.

Simone met my eyes once more. Then she said, "I want you two to come at the same time." I wondered how we were going to accomplish that. "Jack yourself faster," Simone instructed me. Then she had Marisol face me and she worked the shower massager at a higher setting over and over the girl's pussy. Staring into Marisol's eyes felt strangely personal. Of course, this was personal. My wife was manipulating her pussy. But our connection was stronger than that. We were all entwined, three corners of an unusual ménage. Even if I wasn't actually touching the girl, I was feeling her. Feeling her heat, her intensity, and when she stiffened and cried out once more—her pleasure.

I came, too. Because Simone had told me to. Because I couldn't hold off another second. I shot my load into my palm, and then Simone turned the shower spray on my hand and let the water wash me clean.

Clean didn't last for long. It never would. Not when Simone's around. Dirty took over in no time flat. Just the way I like it. We're perfectly matched. ☪

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

VINTAGE VICE

“It’s all stuff made to look old, but none of it is old,” I hissed to my husband, Jacob, as we wandered the “antique” store.

“I know. But she’s here and she’s hovering, so just pretend to look,” he said from the side of his mouth, referring to the shopkeeper.

I rolled my eyes, a bad habit I can never seem to break.

I touched a small bureau that was clearly new, painted, and then sanded to look “distressed.”

“Not only is it all basically new, this shop is deceptive,” I whispered.

“Deceptive how?”

“It goes on for miles. I’d like to run right out the door already, but we have to follow this fucking maze of rooms all the way to the back.”

He grabbed my hand and growled, “Behave.”

The proprietor, a short woman of about 60, with a dark-brown dye job, meandered into the next room. She adjusted items as if she was working,

but she was following us. Maybe not following us, but hovering as if I was going to shove her “THIS WAY TO THE BEACH” sign—probably made in China—into my tiny purse. Either that or she wanted to be available to help should we need it, which we wouldn’t.

We stepped down two steps into a room of clothing. “Now some of *this* is vintage,” I said.

“Thank God,” Jacob chuckled.

“Why?”

“So you’ll stop picking on this poor woman’s shop.”

“But it’s all new—”

That’s as far as I got before he grabbed my shoulders and hauled me in for a rough kiss. “Shut up,” he said, not unkindly.

I saw the owner flit by the doorway like a ghost, but I thought—even as overzealous as she was—she’d realize that following us into the little room would be over the top. She disappeared from view as quickly as she’d appeared.

I giggled. “Let’s look at the old clothes.”

Jacob plopped a cowboy hat on his head and turned toward me. “Yes?”

“No!” I selected a fisherman’s cap and put it on. “Yes!”

He looked in the tall mirror on the wall. “Um...no.”

I took out a Hawaiian shirt circa 1970-something and held it up.

“No,” he said.

He selected a polyester shirt from the same era. Palm trees and a tropical sunset were stamped across the fabric. “Now this...”

“No!”

I pushed the hangers to the side, examining the clothing. Most of it was older than me. When I hit a pale pink full slip with lace around the straps and crisscrossing the bodice, I stopped.

“Now this...” I held it up.

“For me?”

I rolled my eyes—again. “No, not for you. But me...I’d look smoking-hot in this.”

That’s when my eyes found the two brown curtains with just a sliver of light showing between them. A small space that served as a dressing room.

I glanced up to the outer room to see if our hostess was hovering, and lo and behold she wasn’t. I pulled my shirt off over my head and unhooked my bra. Before I could pull the slip on, Jacob reached out and stroked a thumb over my nipple. It went instantly erect and sensitive. He did it again until I hummed softly. Then he moved to the other nipple giving it equal attention.

“Better hurry and put that thing on,” he said.

I slid the slip down over my head and let it settle around my breasts and slide down over my capri pants. “The pants kind of ruin the ensemble,” I said.

His eyes were suddenly bright but intense in the dim light. “I agree. Take them off.”

I shimmied out of my pants and then my underwear. He ran a finger from the bodice of the antique slip down to my belly button. Then lower to outline the curves of my pussy with his broad finger.



"I TEASED HIS COCK WITH MY TONGUE, SWIRLING IT AROUND LIKE A LOLLIPOP!"

"She'd walk in if I pushed you up against that wall and fucked you," he said. "I know."

Even as I agreed, his hand slipped up beneath the hem of the slip, caressing my thigh all the way up to my pussy. He cupped my sex in one big hand and then leaned in to give me a rough kiss.

I bucked my hips to get closer contact with his hand and grabbed the back of his neck to return his kiss. I slid my tongue into his mouth and tangled it with his. Then I rubbed my hand across the fly of his jeans. He was as hard as a rock, and I wanted him.

"Come on," I said.

He broke the kiss and studied me.

"The dressing room," I whispered. "Or the slightly curtained area to try on old moth-eaten clothes, if you prefer."

I took his hand and began to lead him.

"We can't." He was smiling. "She'll pop in at any moment. She's a popper. She's a stalker. She's like a wraith."

"Hey, it's legit. I'm trying on this lovely old slip, and I'd like your opinion."

I pushed past the long chocolate-brown curtains into a small room that held a few boxes and bags and a broom. A full-length mirror was on one wall. I pushed the curtains together as close as I could but knew should the owner drop by to see how we were faring, she'd still be able to see our feet. Oh, well. I was willing to take a chance and risk it.



"Do you like it?" I turned in a circle, dragging his fingertips along the smooth fabric.

"I do."

He pushed his hands up beneath the slip again and slipped a finger inside my pussy. "Someone's wet."

"Very," I said, grinding against his hand.

I backed up a step and dropped to my knees. I unbuttoned his jeans and pushed my hand into his boxers to pull his cock free. I teased the tip of his cock with my tongue, swirling it around like I was licking a lollipop. Then I sucked the head into my mouth but nothing more. My fingers wormed into his pants and cupped his balls. Jacob let out a rough sigh, and I smiled. Finally, when his hips shot forward involuntarily, I pushed my mouth down his shaft to the root. I began to slide up and down his erection, swirling my tongue, sucking hard, and changing my pressure and rhythm to keep him off balance.

His hands were tangled in my hair, and he let out a half growl, half grunt. His big hands cupped my face and held it still as he began to use my mouth to

his liking. Excitement rushed through me, shimmering low in my belly before puddling in my cunt. I felt a flood of wetness escape me.

"Up," he growled, using my hair to pull my mouth free.

He shoved me against the wall across from the mirror and gathered the slip up around my waist. When he raised my leg, I hooked it around his waist and pressed back against the wall hard to stabilize myself. "Hurry," I said. But knowing that the owner could walk in at any second and see our feet—there was no escaping them being visible—turned my excitement up to a desperate level.

He grabbed my hips in his hands, squeezing hard so that it was nearly painful, then he angled me and shoved into me roughly. His cock entered me easily; I was wet and turned on, and I moved my body to meet his. One hand was splayed against the taupe-painted wall, the other was on his shoulder, holding on for dear life.

He pressed his lips to my ear. "You're filthy. You know that busybody's going to walk down here. You know she'll see us

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

**“HIS COCK
ENTERED ME
EASILY; I WAS
WET, AND I
MOVED MY BODY
TO MEET HIS.”**

in here. She'll see what we're doing..."

He fucked me harder, and I pressed my teeth to his shoulder and bit him through his shirt. He growled at me, and I smiled, so close to coming. So very close.

He rocked into me, and my head banged the wall. I knew the sound had to be audible from the other room, but I didn't care.

"What will she think of the slut in the slip fucking her man in what barely constitutes a room?" he whispered in my ear.

I moaned, my cunt growing tighter with every thrust and every word.

"You want her to know, don't you? You want her to find us. Because that just makes it all better, doesn't it?"

He pulled free of me suddenly, and I whimpered. Then he turned me roughly and pressed my hands flat to the wall, body bent and ass straight out, the antique slip tangled around my waist. "Stay," he said.

I waggled my ass at him, and he tsked. He gave me one good swat on the ass, and the report from the strike was damn near deafening. Imagined or not, I swore I heard the whispery sound of steps coming our way. Like nurse's shoes on a highly polished hospital floor.

He thrust into me deeply, one hand on my hip, the other tangled in my hair, yanking it like a lead. I bit my lip and tried to hang on. I wanted to come so badly I could taste it, and it was right there, but



I wanted to come with him. I wanted it to be a simultaneous reaction of pleasure and risk.

He was on to me. He leaned in close, still fucking me hard and fast. "You want to come. You know you want to—so come. Because I'm not quite done with you yet."

That was all it took. The promise of more. I let go and the orgasm took me under, making my knees dip and my body sway. But his hand was anchored in my hair and his other on my hip, holding me steady. "I've got you," he said, and my eyes drifted shut.

His cock slipped free of my pussy and briefly skated over my back hole. I swayed again as he tried to reinsert himself into my slick cunt. "No," I said. "Do it. Fuck me there."

The floorboards nearby creaked, and I saw lights flash in the darkness behind

my closed lids. She was coming. I almost laughed, seeing as I'd just come myself.

He pushed fingers inside my pussy, gathered my wetness, and spread it on my back hole. I heard him spit and then there was more wetness being applied. His cockhead pressed against my tight crimp. I released a deep breath, relaxing my body and welcoming his dick in my ass. I pushed back slowly, and he breached me. This time he emitted a full-on growl.

His cock slid into me slowly, and he said, "Fucking tight as hell."

And then we were moving, him slamming into me and me thrusting back. I slipped my fingers along my clit, tracing circles and flicking it as my pleasure built. The hand in my hair gripped tighter, my scalp singing from his clutching fingers, but the sensation made our encounter that much better.

I glanced to the side and saw the shopkeeper's feet visible beneath the meager curtain barrier. Her feet encased in sensible loafers. She just stood there. Not saying anything, no moving toward us, just standing sentry.

I swallowed a gasp and rocked back against Jacob's driving cock.

"Shh," I said as softly as I could.

He caught on and stifled his sounds, but he didn't stop fucking my ass. Not for a second.

His fingers on my hips gripped me tighter, and I could feel a fine tremor had started in his arms. He was about to come. I took my cue and pinched my clit. I rubbed faster as my excitement spiked and the pleasure in me grew.

"Fuck," he whispered softly. Then he buried his face against my shoulder and tried to hide his sounds of bliss. His body bucked against me as his cock emptied into my ass. I came with my tongue tightly caught between my teeth in an effort to stay as silent as possible.

We both straightened up, and I smoothed the slip against my body. I cleared my throat and said, "Hello?"

"Yes?" the woman said, but nothing more. The poor, poor woman.

"I think I'll take this slip I found. My husband was..." I had to swallow a giggle, especially when Jacob shook his head in that way he has when it comes to me—half amusement, half exasperation. "Helping me with the straps."

"Very well," she said from beyond the curtain. "I'll go up front and wait for you." I saw her shoes disappear and then buried my face against Jacob's chest and laughed.

"Helping you with the straps," he said against my hair. "Very convincing."

"I tried."

"That you did, you filthy thing," he said, patting me on the ass. "Let's go buy your dirty, dirty slip now."

"Well worth the ridiculously high price," I said.

—F.W., Portland, Maine

BENCHWARMERS

I found Joyce at the large balcony window of our new high-rise apartment. We'd only been there a week and the place was still a maze of boxes.

"You get lost?"

"What?"

"Did you get lost amongst the boxes and debris and end up at the window?"

She pulled me close and said, "See him?"

Below, way below, for we were on the seventh floor, was a cluster of three park benches amongst huge trees. No one ever really used them. Or so I'd thought. But there he sat, a good-looking young guy, watching the squirrels.

"Yeah. What about him?"

She pointed to the clock on the wall. One of the few things we'd managed to hang up. "Every day at about two o'clock when this whole area is deserted, he sits there."

"Maybe he's meditating."

"Maybe." She looked at me, and I caught the blaze of excitement in that gaze. I knew what it meant, and I was ready, right then, to press her up against the huge glass wall and fuck her until she begged me to stop.

"What are you thinking?" I prompted. Because I wanted to hear. I needed to hear.

"I'm thinking that at two o'clock tomorrow, I'll go visit him. And you...you can keep an eye on me from up here. Our own little viewing gallery."

"And what will I be watching?"

She dropped to her knees and pulled down my shorts and my boxer briefs. She kept her gaze pinned to mine as she started to jack my already-hard cock with her small fist. "Maybe this," she said, speeding up her tempo. "And then maybe this." She wrapped her lips around me and started to suck. She slid her open lips up one side of my dick, licking my cockhead until my teeth ached, and then brought her slippery lips down the other. She swirled her tongue and took in all of



VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



me so that her lips pressed the base of my cock.

I grabbed her head and thrust a few times but then pulled free and dropped to my knees. I got behind her and pulled her shorts and panties down and thrust into her roughly. I fucked her hard and fast, but she never did ask me to let up, simply offered two brutal orgasms for my viewing pleasure.

The next day, I was rooted at our balcony window at two o'clock, waiting for my wife to appear down below at the nearly deserted park benches.

When she came into view, my dick went instantly hard. I pressed my entire body to the hard glass door for the pressure. My breath fogged a circle onto the surface, and I had to wipe it away with the heel of my hand. She came toward the bench from behind, so the guy didn't see her approach.

She wore flip flops and an orange summer dress dotted with little flowers.

Her auburn hair swayed in the slight breeze. Despite the heat, there was enough air moving to make the day a bit less than stifling.

She said something to the man, getting his attention, and then indicated the seat on the bench next to him. I couldn't tell for sure from so high up, but it looked like he smiled. She sat next to him, fairly close, despite the fact that there were two other empty benches to be had in the vicinity.

They didn't speak at first. Just watched a few squirrels running through the grass and darting up the thick trunks of the old shade trees.

I watch her put her hand on his thigh and took in his mild reaction. If anything, he looked vaguely surprised but not shocked. She leaned in close and said something, her hair swirling in the wind. A long strand briefly covered their faces, but then it was tossed aside.

He nodded, and she put her hand

in his lap. Merely let it sit there for a moment. My hand mirrored hers and went to my crotch. I squeezed myself just enough to spur a small sigh from my lips.

She started to rub him. I saw her arm moving, her hand squeezing, and despite being seven floors up, I could see his hips rise to meet her hand for an instant.

Then she worked his button and his zipper. She got his cock free, and I realized my tongue was stuck to the roof of my mouth. My heart beat audibly in my ears. I squeezed my erection again, and then shoved my hands into my pockets so I wouldn't go any further.

I watched her bend over his lap, that curtain of auburn falling to obscure my view until she pushed the wayward strands away. She was thinking of me, no doubt. She jacked his cock for a minute or two, working him up—and working me up as well. Then she took his cock into her mouth and his head tipped back—eyes shut, mouth open.

**“SHE SLIPPED
HER MOUTH UP
AND DOWN HIS
COCK, TAKING HIM
AS DEEPLY AS
SHE COULD.”**

She slipped her mouth up and down his cock, taking him as deeply as she could. I could picture the sparkle of unshed tears in her eyes as she must've been gagging slightly. Her head tilted up, as if she was searching for me, and then she moved off the bench and knelt between his spread legs.

My view improved. I got a good look at her lips sliding up and down his rod. Her hands rested primly on his thighs as she knelt there. When his hand settled on her head and he started to buck beneath her, lifting his trim hips to get deeper into her mouth, she slipped her hand beneath her summer sheath. I knew beneath the dress she was bare because I'd watched her get dressed.

I wanted to wait. I wanted to fuck her when she came back up, rushing off the elevator and marching to our apartment like some kind of busy debutante who can't be bothered. Instead, I unzipped and got my cock in my hand and started to jerk off.

Every time her head dipped down, I squeezed. Every time she circled the head of his cock with her tongue, I worked my cock faster. Every time his hips rose up to meet her, I swept my thumb across the weeping tip of my dick.

His hands were rough on her head, and my excitement built. I could barely draw air and my fist flew on my cock. I held my breath then, seeing his body jerk

and waiting for him to come. Because even from way the fuck up on the seventh floor I knew he was about to shoot. I also knew how damp and hot her mouth was. And how she could do that thing with her tongue. And how she knew exactly what kind of pressure to use when jerking a shaft while sucking the tip.

He came. I could tell by his body language. I imagined I could hear him shout. And I shot my load all over the carefully maintained clear glass of our sliding door. It was a hot, wet painting of arousal, and I left it for her to see.

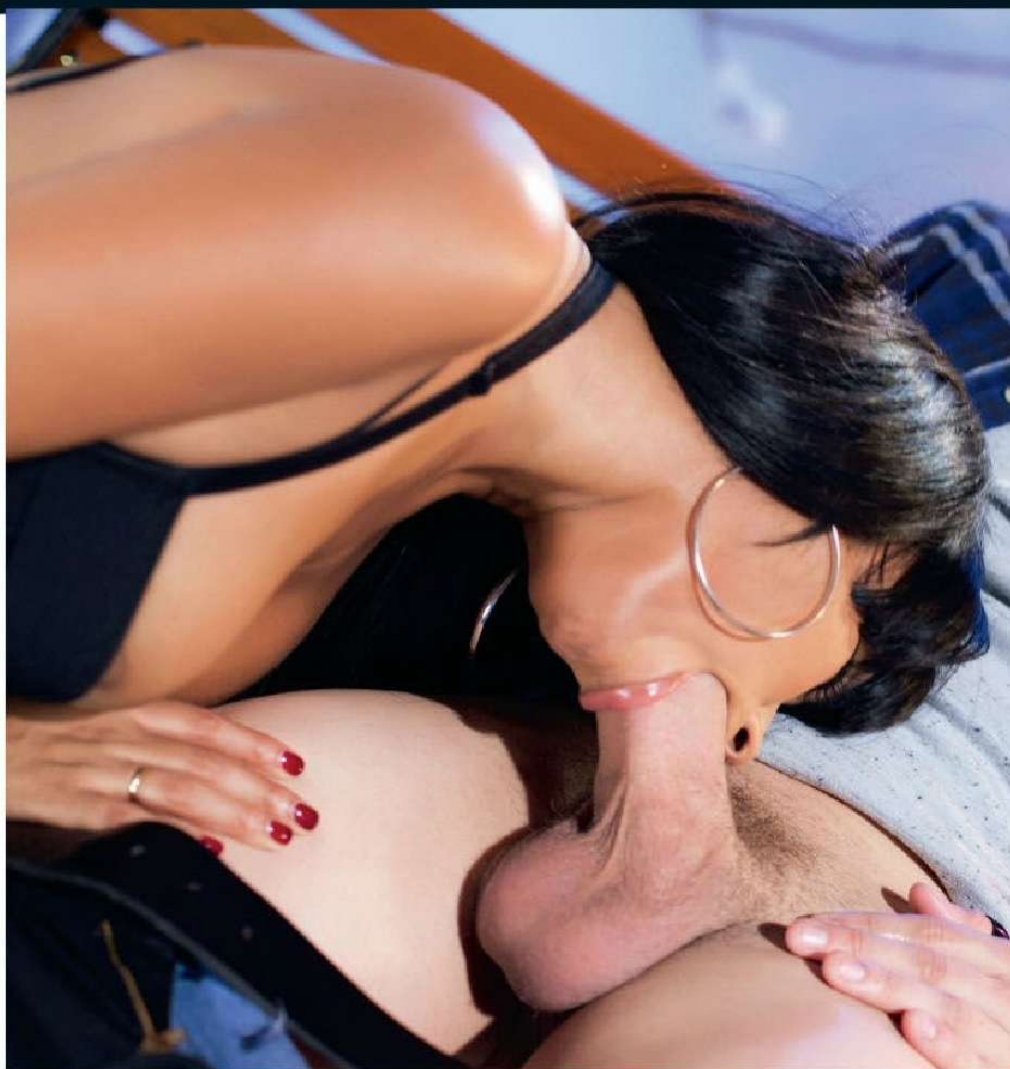
She got up and smoothed her dress. I imagined her pussy was beyond wet. I couldn't wait to fuck her.

I saw her walk off toward the building—

toward the lobby which led to the elevator which would lead her to me. I took a deep breath and smiled, realizing that I was probably going to be able to fulfill that goal, after all. By the time she returned, my cock would be hard and ready again. She had that effect on me. Always has.

—R.Y., via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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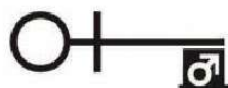
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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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